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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND THEIR CHILDREN.

From a Photograph by Mary Steen.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The letter *h* is the only one in the alphabet which has been made the subject of a poem, and so good a one that it was long supposed to have been Byron's. The letter *I* is, of course, of more importance; it is used, indeed, much too often, and is never left out, whereas the peculiarity of *h* is that by many persons it is omitted when it ought to be present, and pronounced when it ought to be omitted. In London at least it is a shibboleth by the use of which the lower classes are distinguished and at once detected. Its abuse is very catching, and it is almost incurable. I have only known one instance in which it has been marked in youth and through care and association been extirpated. It is a most unfortunate defect in a preacher; the destination of the wicked when pronounced without the *h* not only loses half its terrors, but produces unbecoming mirth; and it is almost as bad in an advocate. What is very singular, the sufferers are quite unaware of their complaint, and cannot conceive what their audience sees to laugh at, while, of course, it is a very delicate subject to remonstrate with them about. In a recent number of a popular magazine an anecdote is told of how a learned Judge pointed out to the counsel pleading before him that "halter" and "altar" were not (as he pronounced them) synonymous terms. But we are not all of us Judges, who, it seems, are privileged to be rude. There was once a great counsel, afterwards one of the admitted ornaments of the Bench, who could not have pronounced "halter" to save his neck, and was quite innocent of his misuse of its ecclesiastical equivalent, who had the fact brought home to him by a Frenchman. This man was interpreter in a case where French witnesses were examined concerning some aniline dye. The barrister, who knew little about the process, inquired "Do you heat this aniline?" and, as usual, left out the *h*. But the interpreter, who knew nothing about *that*, rendered the question literally—"Mangez-vous cet aniline?" Whereat the Court was "convulsed," not at the omission of the learned counsel—to which it was quite accustomed—but at its being brought home to him.

On another occasion a counsel similarly handicapped—or, as he would have said, 'andicapped'—had been arguing at great length, when his junior rose and remarked: "My Lords, considering the length of my learned leader's address, I will not weary the Court with my observations except only to add the *h's*." This was not pretty, and, in a junior, not respectful.

After all, it is but a trifle, though certainly more reprehensible as a sin of superfluity than of omission; no worse than a false quantity with scholars, or talking of foxes' tails to sportsmen, and not nearly as bad as eating peas with a knife. But the worst of it is that it happens so continuously. People may slur their words, or clip them so that half the letters are left out, but one does not miss them as we miss the *h*. Others, again, use expletives—deplorable complements to conversation—but they are not half so bad as unnecessary aspirates. What is at the bottom of our aversion to the habit is no doubt the conviction that it arises from ignoble birth or vulgar association, though as a matter of fact this may not be the case. I remember my cousin Harry telling me, when we were both young fellows, a love adventure of his which made a great impression upon me at the time, it seemed so dramatic. He had better prospects (confound him!) than ever I had, and was well thought of in the matrimonial market; but, as mostly happens with our golden youth, he also thought well of himself, and was not easily captured. At last, however, he was hooked, though not in a vital part. In that respect men are very like fishes; they are pulled sometimes quite out of their element, but not landed; and they flop back again into their bachelor ways till they rise to another bait. He lived at a seaside place, where the daughters of naval and military heroes abounded, and was greatly attracted by one of them, Kate Volney. The family were numerous but select; her father was a much-decorated Admiral; her sisters brilliant and distinguished even when compared with her own transcendent charms; but her mother was invisible. There were all sorts of stories circulated about her: she was mad; she drank; she had some disease previously unknown to the human species, and so on. Some said she was the pig-faced lady, and others that she had no nose. These latter statements could not be authentic, because she had been seen by the tradespeople that frequented the house, who perceived nothing remarkable about her; and, indeed, the grocer, who had the reputation of being a judge of such matters, averred that she was "well enough to look at for an old 'un." But in Society she was never seen. Cousin Harry heard that the old lady bathed in the morning, perhaps for that mysterious disease of hers, and he lay in wait for her. She was in marine costume; a sponge-bag on her head, blue spectacles on her nose (so she had one), and yellow slippers. He addressed her most politely, explaining that he had seized this (the only) opportunity of making her acquaintance. She answered nothing; a wandering of the eyes and a twitching of the lips, as though casting about for replies and rejecting them, were all she vouchsafed him. Was she dumb? How delightful to have a dumb mother-in-law! At last she spoke, and he

fled to his home. "Dear Kate," he wrote to her daughter, "after a conversation with your good mother this morning, I have no alternative but to withdraw my pretensions to your hand; but be assured your secret is safe with me." Thirty years after he told it to me. "My dear fellow, that good lady could not have said 'Heaven' to have got there, and would have called me 'Arry' to the end of her days."

There is to be a Millionaire Club, we are told, in Piccadilly, to which, says the reporter, many persons will probably belong in order to persuade the public that they are millionaires. This puts it—save for the trifling annual subscription of one hundred guineas—within the reach of everybody. But when he talks of the "feasts of Lucretius" to be served at the establishment he shows a great ignorance of the ways of millionaires. I have studied them with interest, and paid them great attention (though without practical result), and a falser view of them could hardly have been taken. They eat beans and bacon, and on feast days—dividend days—liver and crow. In their liquid refreshment they are more luxurious: whisky and Apollinaris is imbibed by those whose "five figures" begin with a unit, but the really wealthy drink whisky-and-water. As for their clothes, one hardly likes to speak about them; they are often "shining garments," but not in the sense in which the term is used in "Eastern imagery," and if I wanted to exchange my umbrella for a better one, a millionaire's club would not be my hunting ground. But whence, it may be asked, are these paradoxical habits? It is by means of them that some have become millionaires, and they find it difficult to give them up, while with others it is their only mode of distinction from the beggarly fellows who have only ten thousand a year, and even less.

There is nothing so dwelt upon in a foreigner's view of England as the immense gulf it exhibits between wealth and poverty. In the same newspaper of recent date we read of a bride with a dowry of a hundred thousand pounds and of the sale of a wife and three children in the provinces for seven and sixpence—less than two shillings a head. Still more astonishing sounds an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* on the very day on which the Lord Mayor's feast was described: "Roast cook (young man) wanted for the City." What will be the reflection of some French journalists come to stay a week in London, on purpose to describe the English character to perfection, on a circumstance of this kind? At the Guildhall the most luxurious fare, and within a stone's throw (in St. Swithin's Lane, to be strictly accurate) cannibalism!

The Röntgen rays have been already pressed into the service of criminal jurisprudence. A man sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for stealing a florin had vainly protested that he had swallowed it by accident. Nobody believed him; the Judge said "Very likely," and the jury "Yah." But the X rays have been applied to the man's interior, and he is now at liberty, because the florin was found to be there. This is really a triumph of science, and also of justice. If the rays can detect anything within us we have been unable to digest, there will be revelations only second to those of the sea when it gives up its secrets. Think of the *canards* we have swallowed and the insults! How much anxiety princes—merchant princes—would have been spared with regard to articles of value "bolted," or said to have been bolted, by their faithful retainers in order to prevent their falling into the hands of robbers! If the King of France could only have been quite certain that his servant's story about the Nancy diamond was true, he would not have looked upon him for all those years with such suspicion. Its receptacle, had the Röntgen rays existed, would have been no longer a "dark unfathomed cave," for that "gem of purest ray serene" would have been seen shining there.

Though comparisons are said to be odious, life is full of them, and the most fortunate of us can only be called comparatively happy. On board the *Fram* our great navigator—if an ice-voyager can be called so—tells us that all was luxurious, but it could hardly be called superlatively so. Its crew could not, for example, have had what is called "a quiet rubber" when the ice that poured over the good ship made such a terrible noise that the players could not "declare" what I concluded to be their honours. A Polar friend informs me, however, that it was not whist at all, but "poker," and as Nansen evidently enjoyed it, he probably won. As a general rule, however, it is not a game that makes for harmony. There is a dreadful story told by an American gentleman of this amusement, where three players all held something remarkable. "Nye held five aces, and my mate held a revolver." "And what did you hold?" "Well, I held the inquest." The crew of the *Fram* had no legal remedy of this kind, and very properly confined their blood-shedding to the bears. When they took their constitutional they washed in bear's blood, and used moss for towels. This, too, was luxury as regards difficulty of attainment elsewhere, but still, only comparative. The courage of endurance exhibited by Nansen and his lieutenant on their sledge journey was, indeed, superlative, but how pathetic must have been the death of those toil-worn dogs!

I have just lost a dog myself—not "the off-and-on companion of my walk," as the poet describes his canine favourite, because I do not take pedestrian exercise, but one who has rarely left my side for years. Rip would not have been very useful in the Arctic regions, for he loved the fireside, and dared hardly tackle a mouse, much less a walrus, but his little weaknesses are now forgotten. A great divine inquires, How do we know that animals have not some other life beyond the grave? Are they to have no compensation for a life often spent in misery and starvation, the victims of cruel man? I cannot say that Rip has much claim to immortality upon that account. He had a happy home—

Love and Nearness seeming one
By the heart-light cast before,
And of all Beloveds none
Standing further than the door.

But "Oh the difference to me" now that he has left it! A wiser man than I has not feared to tell the world how he missed his four-footed friend—

That loving heart, that patient soul,
That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears in mortal things.

Only four years—and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum
Of figures, with her fullness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

"We cannot all be novelists, but we can all be essayists," remarks a literary philosopher; but his opinion must be grounded, I think, on the "themes" that are set to schoolboys, and which they contrive to accomplish in some fashion, no matter how alien may be their minds to reflection and composition. The best examples of this class are to be found in such works as "Elegant Extracts," long lucubrations upon Resignation and Virtue, the perusal of which would evoke swear-words from an Archbishop. The art of writing an essay, which should be wise as a proverb and bright as an epigram (and not much longer), is a gift with which few men are endowed. The last of the elder essayists was Leigh Hunt; after him there was a great gap in this species of composition, but of late years it has been revived. "At Random," by Mr. L. F. Austin, is a meritorious example of it. It is long since I have read a brighter little book. Some of the contents have a thread of narrative in them, such as "The Ghost of an Apology" (a very jewel of brightness and lightness), but they are mostly what essays should be, dissertations upon ordinary subjects, full of sense and wit. "Singular Behaviour of Quotations" is excellent. A young man, evidently familiar if not connected with periodical literature, meets with several of them almost in the flesh. One rears itself straight before him—black, dressed in a sort of shroud—

"Beheld in me the trappings and the suits of woe," said the new comer in sepulchral tones. "I am the Play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet Left Out. No journalist can make his bread without my aid. No oratory is complete in my absence. I am the supreme spirit of English letters."

Another shape is that of a female with a Roman nose and a glance of haughty propriety—

"I am like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion!" she says. "I have been quoted in the House of Commons. No panegyric of integrity is perfect without the grace of my presence. I am the supreme gift of Paganism to Christian ethics, and the incense of sermons rises in my honour. Reject me, young man, and your career can never know a moral glow."

Our author, perhaps, is not aware that this quotation has recently been altered. In a southern county the other day, a gentleman in a high civic position, eulogising in public a lady who was the popular candidate for some local appointment, spoke of her as being "like Cæsar's wife, all things to all men."

Another shape was a gentleman with an amiable but vacant countenance, a pen behind his ear, a sheet of foolscap in his hand, and a bust under his arm.

"You know me, of course. I am Mr. Dick, and I can't keep King Charles's head"—he patted the bust reflectively—"out of the Memorial. Would you mind looking over the document? You will find me in all the books and journals."

It is a pity with such an opportunity, or, let us say (to be in keeping with our subject), "coign of vantage," our author did not trot out some more quotations. His essays are very various, from Cabs to Mural Tablets. The Observations by a Scathing Reviewer have good sense in them—

When I look at the severed heads I have a misgiving, not that I have cut off some budding Shaksperes, but that the implacable assertion of a critical judgment is, after all, inhuman. Why should not these little books have their day, and cease to be, like the summer flies?

There is no obligation to read them; and, if you have a severe taste in literature, you can gratify it by leaving them uncut. Why should they not give as much pleasure and as many pence to their authors as are consistent with the semi-literate good-nature of the public? And if their merits are trumpeted beyond all reason—well, there will be no echoes a hundred years hence.

One wishes that reviewers would take this advice to heart and abstain from breaking butterflies on wheels.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

It is in no spirit of mere vulgar curiosity as to the *réve intime* of distinguished personages who loom largely and almost perpetually in the public eye that Englishmen and Englishwomen of all classes are keenly, kindly, and constantly interested in the personalities and the everyday movements of the members of our royal family. To a home-loving people, who have enjoyed sixty years of the beneficent sway of a home-loving Queen, it is essentially the domestic side of royal life which appeals to their keenest sympathies, and glimpses of which afford them unfailing pleasure. It is therefore with peculiar satisfaction that we have the pleasure of giving to our readers this week a picture of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York at home with their children, Princes Edward and Albert of York, and one of those four-footed friends a specimen of which is seldom far from either the Duke or the Duchess when the ceremonious formality entailed by their exalted position can be for a while laid aside. Nothing is more pleasant to the average Englishman or Englishwoman than to think of the members of our reigning House as just home-loving, kindly men and women, full of genial impulses, appreciative of all that makes up the grace, the charm, the beauty of family life as it is understood by a nation whose very greatness may be said to be founded upon the home. The Duke and Duchess of York, always popular personages with the nation, are destined as the years go by to play parts of increasing importance in the discharge of the numerous duties inseparable from their high position, and they have already given ample proof alike of their unfailing readiness to take part in any public or ceremonial function which may be for the pleasure or the profit of the people, and also of the dignity and tact with which they follow in the footsteps of those upon whom the chief burden of public life has hitherto fallen. But, despite the indisputable desirability that personages in their high position should possess the qualities necessary to enable them to fulfil their ceremonial duties in a popular and effective manner, it is the domestic phase of their lives which will always take the firmest grip alike upon the imagination and the affection of the nation; and it is this side of the life of our royal family which is so charmingly illustrated in the group which we have now the pleasure of giving to our readers.

INAUGURATION OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

Nearly fifty motor-cars, some of them worked by electricity and some by steam, assembled on Saturday morning in Northumberland Avenue to make their trial trip to Brighton. Great crowds looked on as one variety after another of these horseless carriages came to the ground—from the heavy motor-coach and motor-hansom to motor-cycle and the motor-bathtub. Hundreds of common cyclists, by the way, formed a sort of army of outrunners and scouts for the new machines. Inside the Hôtel Métropole Mr. Van Praag presided over a breakfast to the members of the Motor-Car Club and their friends. Public breakfasts are not usually lively, but the scene was as festive as any dinner-table can show when Lord Winchilsea produced one of the red flags which until then had been borne before the face of every motor-carman who had a fear of the law before his eyes. In the cold grey light of a November morning, Lord Winchilsea tore the flag to tatters, and tossed the remnants on the floor. Of the cars outside, thirty were the property of the British Motor industry, five were the Anglo-French Motor Company's cars from Birmingham, and there were besides two American oil-cars, five cars belonging to Mr. Arnold, two which had already won in the Paris-Marseilles race, three or four parcel-vans, and the dog-cart and landau of Mr. H. J. Lawson, the president of the club.

Shortly after half-past ten the signal was given for the start to Brighton. But Demos was not taken into account. Amid that immense crowd of spectators movement was all but impossible, and the procession of cars was cut off and broken in upon from the first. That no accident of any moment occurred seemed a happy chance; and though some of the cars were quickly disabled, it was not till Crawley had been reached that anything really melancholy happened—the running over of a child. The run was not a race; but still it is on record that one of the Daimler cars was the first to reach Croydon, going at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. The Bollée tricycles, able to steer in small spaces, had things their own way, and they reached Brighton from Brixton in less than three hours. The Panhard and Levassor carriage came next—at a long distance; and others followed, though not all that had set out.

Despite the rain, which had fallen all the afternoon, great numbers of people gathered to witness the arrival. In the evening the Motor Clubmen dined together at the Brighton Métropole, and bade their friends, to the number of some hundreds, to join them. The general feeling was that the day's proceedings had not really been damped by the weather, and that two miles in five minutes was a possible speed to accomplish on anything like a clear track. A four-in-hand, which started from London with one of the motor-cars, and had five changes of steeds on the way, took an hour longer on the road. Lord Winchilsea and Mr. Harry J. Lawson, in their speeches at the evening banquet, spoke as though the day's adventure had fully persuaded them that the motor-car, though it

comes to go, had also come to stay. London produce had already been delivered in Brighton and Brighton produce in London by motor-car that day; and the double journey could be doubly made each day by this untiring turn-out. The streets of London will no doubt be traversed by motor-cars within measurable date; but now one such machine when it appears is escorted along, on either side of the street, by a curious crowd. The omnibus horse seems impassive in the presence of the usurper, who appears likely, at no distant date, to be at once his conqueror and deliverer.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

Loyal subjects of the Spanish monarchy are congratulating themselves with a yearly increasing satisfaction on the gradual improvement in the health of their youthful King, Alfonso XIII. Born before his mother, Queen Maria Christina, had recovered from the shock of her royal consort's untimely death, the boy, who was thus born in the purple in a fuller sense of the phrase than most princes, since he succeeded at once to the throne of his dead father, seemed for a long time to have but a frail tenure of life. But the devoted care of the Queen-Regent has not gone unrewarded, and now, at ten years of age, the little King seems likely to outgrow much of his constitutional delicacy and to become equal to the cares of State with which manhood must burden him. In spite of his improved health, however, Alfonso XIII. remains a very fragile-looking child. He is small for his age, and bears himself with a languor which is peculiarly pathetic in so

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is not often that one sees in London, within a comparatively brief space, two dramatic versions of one and the same novel: nevertheless, that is what has happened in the case of Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman." Mr. Wilson Barrett, it seems, has written two plays on the basis of that popular romance. One he prepared for his own use, producing it in the provinces and in America, playing therein the humble and devoted Pete, and scoring a success both as dramatist and as actor. Then, it would appear, he wrote a second version, founded on a scenario made by Mr. Caine himself. This piece was duly performed at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and, for reasons which it would be tedious to discuss, "failed to attract." In this instance, if we remember rightly, the action and characterisation of the novel were reproduced with tolerable closeness—Kate, the heroine, being represented by Miss Florence West, Philip by Mr. Lewis Waller, and Pete by Mr. G. W. Cockburn.

What Mr. Barrett is now submitting to audiences at the Lyric Theatre is the version he wrote originally for himself. In this, if we can again trust our memory, the text of the romance is not at all slavishly followed, or, at any rate, the centre of interest is shifted. For the Shaftesbury play, Philip, the lover, was as prominent as, if not more prominent than, Pete, the husband. He was played by the "leading man." At the Lyric it is Pete who bulks most largely in the public eye—more largely than either Kate or Philip. It is for Pete, the deceived and the deserted, that our sympathies are chiefly craved. In general he holds the stage, and by his side Kate and

Philip are (in comparison) almost shadows. That is a pity; because the more lifelike are the sinners, the more effective are the sorrows of the saint. Moreover, the tone of the play and the performance savours now less of the romantic than of the domestic. The prevailing note is one of pathos, mitigated by comedy which trembles on the verge of farce.

From the artistic standpoint we may regret this, but the practical result is that the Lyric version is likely to have in London a popularity which the Shaftesbury piece was unable to secure. Mr. Barrett has fashioned for himself a part which, as he interprets it—with the quiet simplicity that experience and skill make possible—captures the general heart and arouses universal applause. His performance, if a little slow, is, in truth, genuinely affecting. Mr. Melford as Philip and Miss Jeffries as Kate would, no doubt, be more impressive than they are if their rôles were less thin and sketchy; the former does all that could be expected, the latter somewhat less than one would look for. In the hands of Mr. Ambrose Manning the "comic relief" is safe. The scenic setting is all one could desire.

Mr. Malcolm Watson's work as a playwright has had the mark of promise in it, and Miss Haidee Wright has made the boy Stephanus in "The Sign of the Cross" so poignantly real that one approached the production of Mr. Watson's latest play, "The Haven of Content," at the Garrick Theatre, on Tuesday afternoon, with unusual interest. No more trying test than a matinée has yet been invented for the production of a new play, and "The Haven of Content" undoubtedly suffered from a certain melancholy slowness in the acting that placed it at a disadvantage. Mr. Watson has got an excellent theme, but he develops it rather amateurishly, and he spoils a hero by a double process of presentation—now quite stagey, now quite real. The kernel of the story is this: Mr. James Fenton, M.P., managed to ruin a close friend, Mr. Northcote, by forestalling him in an important commercial enterprise, on information got from a confidential clerk. Fenton's daughter and Northcote's son were in love with one another, but the ruined youth held his peace, and then, on discovering Fenton's villainy, stung the girl to promise to marry his rival, Lord Henry Silcroft. But his Lordship—a new type of sporting nobleman—began to develop a sickly conscience, and, in questioning himself,

waived his claims to the lady's hand. The young hero, having detected the father, came back and took the villain's daughter away to a far country, without ever telling her of her parent's wickedness. Excellent as the dramatic motive is, it does not bear beating into four acts. Happily, Mr. Watson has supplemented his story by introducing a living character in the person of Lady Jane Sudeley. She belongs to the order *de ex machina*, witty, wise, with a heart and a head, and, as acted very cleverly by Miss Granville, she made the play possible at moments when it lapsed very near to mawkishness. Miss Haidee Wright is always good, bringing sincerity into everything she does; but the part of Miss Fenton was not worthy of her, and even she failed to make it convincing. Mr. Ernest Leicester was a little too melodramatic as the hero, who starts on a high level of fairytale magnanimity, and rounds off his career with a touch of asperity which is not all of a piece with the rest of him. Indeed, "The Haven of Content" was disappointing.

"A Night Out" has so much liveliness in it, it is so cleverly constructed in its mechanical way, it is played with such vivacity, that one does not wonder that it has filled the Vaudeville well over two hundred performances. Since its first production Mr. George Grossmith jun. has replaced Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald as the boy Maxime, who studied Plato and practised something much less philosophical. Miss Pattie Browne is indescribably piquant as the merry maid who shook the precepts of Plato to their foundations.

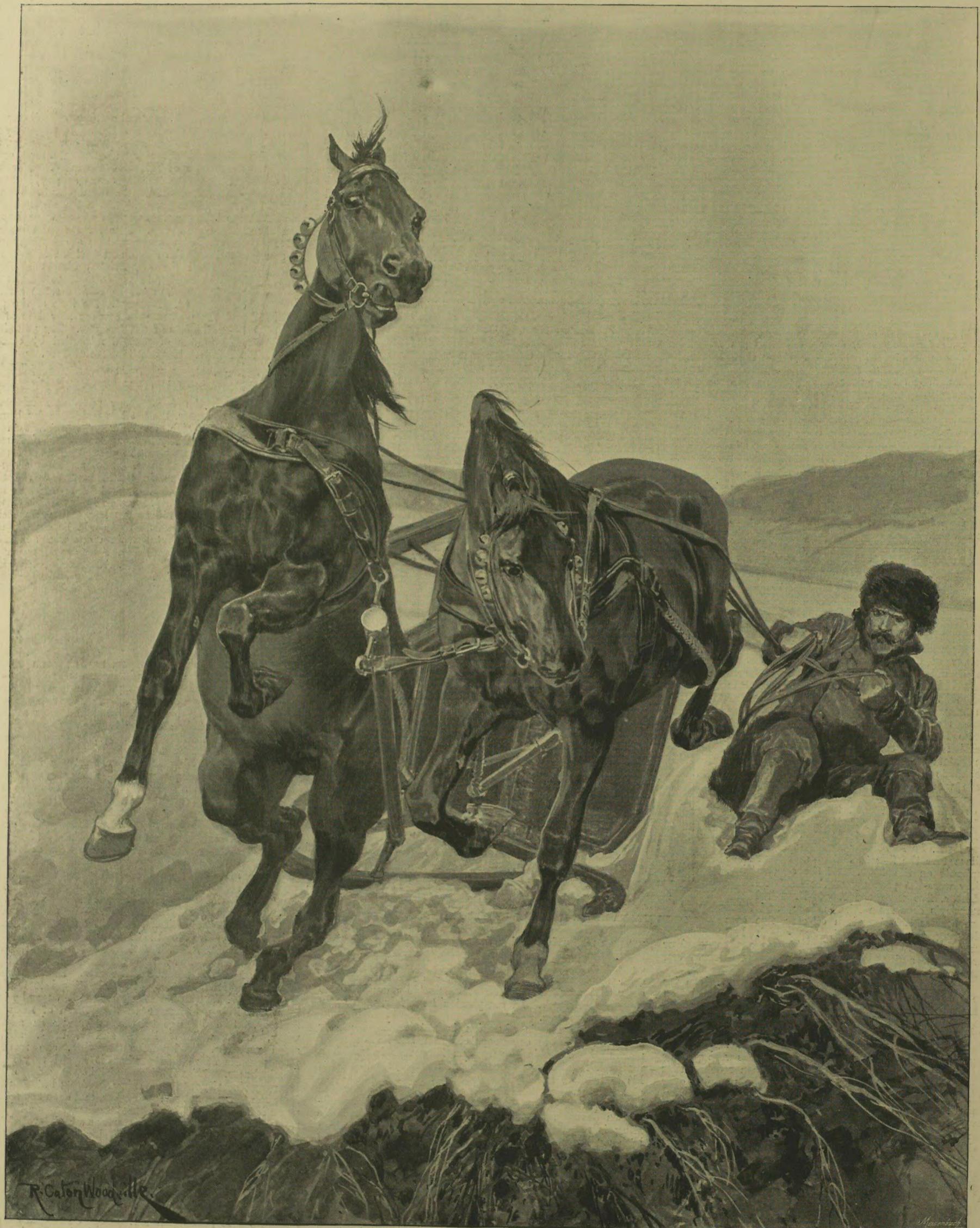
Mr. Clark Russell, who is contributing the admirable biographical sketches of the hero of Trafalgar to the *English Illustrated Magazine*, has had to decline, through overwork, an offer of a Navy play, but "Black-Eyed Susan" may be expected at the Adelphi, when Mr. Terriss will once again transform himself into the Tar we knew so well of old.



THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS SISTERS,
THE INFANTA MARIA-DE-LAS-MERCEDES AND THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA.

young a monarch, but his dreamy smile is very winning. His slight physiognomy does not make him an insignificant child, for there is a curious little dignity about his manners even when he is performing his various royal duties in a somewhat mechanical fashion, excusable enough in so young a monarch. In complexion he is fair, with curly hair and blue eyes.

The little King's education is not, perhaps, as far advanced as that of some royal children, but he is already making headway in the various languages in which a monarch must needs be proficient nowadays, and among his instructors an English governess takes a prominent place. His whole up-bringing is most sedulously supervised by the Queen-Regent, and in accordance with her well-known devotion to the Roman Catholic faith, the little King is receiving a religious training such as befits him both as hereditary monarch of Spain and as godchild of the Pope. His appearances in public create a good deal of interest, and his gracious manner has won him many friends among all sorts and conditions of his subjects. On his tenth birthday, which was celebrated last May, he received the foreign Ambassadors resident at his Court with great pomp; but probably his happiest hours are those spent with his royal mother and sisters in their country retreat at the pleasant watering-place of San Sebastian, where his time is at his own disposal, and where his pastimes can be better suited to his childish years than amid the ceremonies of his Court at Madrid. King Alfonso's elder sister, the Infanta Maria-de-las-Mercedes, last month attained her sixteenth birthday. She has the curious distinction of being practically a deposed Queen, for she was Queen by hereditary right from the death of her father, Alfonso XII., to the time of her brother's birth, five months later. The King's other sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, was fourteen last week.



IN THE NICK OF TIME.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.



YEEND KING

THE PORT OF FORDWICH.—BY YEEND KING.

In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—BY G. G. KILBURN.

In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has stood a good deal from his Canadian critics. He said very little when they charged him with intrigues at Washington against Canada's political integrity. He smiled when they compelled Toronto University to strike his name from the list of honorary degrees, and good-humouredly received in silence the veiled threat of expulsion from Canadian territory because he did not see eye to eye with them on the question of Canada's political future. But his latest assailant, Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, has drawn from him a vigorous personal defence in the *Canadian Magazine*. He relates how he was led, upon the collapse of the "Canada First" movement of twenty years ago to the conclusion "that the reunion of the English-speaking race upon this Continent, the two sections of which had been severed from each other a century ago by a wretched quarrel, was the dictate of nature and would be ultimately fulfilled," and he will not admit that his subsequent efforts to help on that reunion have been disloyal either to England or Canada. He points, moreover, with justice to the services he has rendered "in the effort to make the centre of British Canada a literary and intellectual centre," and stoutly defends his beloved Oxford from the "narrowness of mind and want of knowledge of affairs" which his critics say he there imbibed. Altogether it is a pretty piece of defensive writing. How few men could say as Mr. Smith now says—"Regrets, and even bitter regrets, all mortals have; disappointment I have none!"

Li-Hung-Chang has made a poor return for the hospitality of the directors of the Barrow-in-Furness Railway, including the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Tweeddale. He says they told him "all kinds of lies" about the speed and comfort of English railway travelling. In America he found a marked superiority in these respects. This is a matter of opinion in regard to which the civilised man does not use such a rude expression as "lie." Probably Li did not wish to be taken literally, but threw out the charge of mendacity against the Duke of Devonshire in sheer playfulness. Considerable allowance must always be made for the Oriental humour, which has still something to achieve in the way of delicacy.

Mr. John Noble, one of our great railway magnates, died on Nov. 15. Born at Kendal in 1828, he seemed to have been

nursed on the railway, for among his school fellows were Mr. J. A. M. Williams, now secretary of the Midland, and Mr. Cotton, manager of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway. Instead of going up to Oxford, where the Movement frightened his father, he entered the Railway Clearing



Photo London Stereoscopic Co.
THE LATE MR. JOHN NOBLE.

House, and just thirty years ago became accountant of the Midland Railway, rising to be general manager and then a director. He accelerated several trains, and the John Noble expresses will long be remembered, even though they are not the remarkable trains they once were. Mr. Noble was one of the few theoretical railway men who ever came to occupy so prominent a position in the practical conduct of affairs.

The appointment of Mr. Clifford Sifton, Manitoba's Attorney-General, to the Ministry of the Interior in the Canadian Cabinet completes the Administration which has boldly undertaken the complete reversal of Canada's policy. It is a strong team that Mr. Laurier has called to his aid—with ex-Premiers of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario, and Quebec—probably the strongest team ever known at Ottawa; and this should set Canada successfully upon her revenue-tariff and pro-American trade policy if our Canadian Ministry can. It leaks out that Mr. Chamberlain has received from the Canadian Ministry the most positive assurances that the movement for closer trade relations with the United States will not hinder Canada's desire to co-operate in the fullest possible way in such high imperial projects as the trans-Pacific cable and the alternative British fast mail service to Australasia.

There is a quaint dispute among the Theosophists about the reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky. Mrs. Besant affirms that this reincarnation is visible in the person of Mrs. Tingley, who repudiates the honour. Mrs. Tingley has no doubt a great reverence for the lamented Blavatsky, but she also has a modest self-respect which induces her to prefer her own personality to that of the departed seer. "If not yourself, who would you like to be?" is a naive question familiar to one's youth. In a purely academic sense, Mrs. Tingley might wish to have been Madame Blavatsky, but when told that she actually is the re-embodiment of that lady she is not particularly eager for this renown.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is represented in the slums of New York by a daughter. Mrs. Rose Lathrop is a reaction from the transcendentalist view of life; she has set herself to face its sternest realities by the death-bed in the cellar. "The persons who warn us away from the poor," she says, "have become aware of the many reasons there are for taking a cowardly course that steers us far beyond the agony and unloveliness into a quiet sea. But who is intentionally a coward? Not you, nor I, nor any other

American." With these valiant words Mrs. Lathrop has become one of the small band of missionary nurses, working independently of each other, who appear, she says, "like sentinels at long intervals" throughout the city. After a few weeks of devotion to the work, Mrs. Lathrop reports that "The need of care and food and warmth is enough to make a tender-hearted woman beg from door to door for sufferers who would arouse the generosity of the whole city if they could be gazed upon by any but the solitary visitant."

The Lord Mayor has offended some Scotsmen by calling the Black Watch "England's heroes." He does not seem to regard his misdemeanour in a serious light, for he says he has always understood that Scots like to be called Englishmen. This is the prancing of the "predominant partner." The Lord Mayor had better pay an official visit to Edinburgh, and then he will hear something further on this subject.

The Duchesse d'Uzès and Madame Monod have issued a manifesto in favour of women's rights in France. Their views are not very revolutionary. They want the Senate to pass a Bill which the Chamber has already passed, permitting women to act as witnesses in the courts, and married women to do what they please with the proceeds of their own industry. These reforms seem a little belated to the English reader. When they are achieved the agitation for women's rights in France will probably dwindle for lack of stimulus.

The Emperor Menelik is evidently anxious to be regarded as a civilised potentate. He has made peace with Italy, and released the Italian prisoners. More than that, he has telegraphed his excellent intentions to the President of the French Republic, by whom they have been suitably acknowledged. M. Faure has no direct concern in the matter, and may have been somewhat surprised by the Abyssinian telegram; but he concealed any emotion of that kind most successfully. Menelik's energy in the use of the telegraph suggests that he is an admirer of the Kaiser William. It may be hoped that he will not imitate his model too closely.

The baptism of Prince Boris was no nominal ceremony. Despite his tender years, he has a special chapel for his devotions, and an archimandrite to instruct him in the doctrine and ritual of the Orthodox Church. There is a danger that this ecclesiastical coddling may make Prince Boris either a bigot of the worst type or a freethinker before he is of age.

The Duchesse Decazes, who has died of consumption at an early age, was the daughter of Mr. Singer, the sewing-machine manufacturer. She did not play a great part in French society, but was greatly esteemed for her charities.

Londoners are mildly interested in the attempt of Westminster to get itself made a municipality. At a meeting of citizens it was decided to appeal to Parliament for a charter of incorporation. To prevent misunderstanding Mr. Burdett-Coutts stated that Westminster did not want to vie with the Corporation of London in the wearing of gold chains of office and the consumption of turtle soup. But it is evident that if Westminster should get a charter Kensington would be entitled to claim the same distinction, and by degrees we should have ten or a dozen municipalities in the Metropolis.

Niagara is harnessed at last. Electric power from the Falls is used for the lighting of the city of Buffalo, twenty-six miles away, and for the working of many industries. It is calculated that this realisation of an old dream will make Buffalo the chief manufacturing centre of the American continent; but the original expectation was that Niagara would furnish motive power for machinery at a considerable distance. There is a good deal more energy in the cataract than is needed by a whole herd of Buffaloes.

Bitter complaints are made about the halfpenny advertisement post which deposits circulars and prospectuses without end in our letter-boxes. This post, it is said, does not pay the Post Office, and causes much annoyance to the householder. One suggestion is that the authorities should supply the citizen with a rubber-stamp, so that he may inscribe the word "declined" on the circulars he does not want, and return them to the sender. How this would save trouble and expense to the Post Office is not clear; nor can we see that the citizen would suffer less inconvenience by the constant use of his rubber-stamp. The truth is that the appliances of civilisation have their drawbacks, which must be endured. Besides, the steady flow of circulars supplies the housemaid with abundant material for lighting the fires.

It is proposed that a portrait of Mr. Herbert Spencer should be expressly painted as a memento of the conclusion of his greatest philosophical work. This idea is likely to attract widespread sympathy among students to whom Mr. Spencer's labours are a matter of national pride. There are many foreigners, moreover, who would be disposed to join in this or a similar commemoration; for Mr. Spencer's work has exercised great influence over European thought.

The coming season of Nansen lectures promises well. The report of the agent some days ago was of sixteen lectures arranged for at a hundred pounds each; and if Nansen stayed in England for six months he could, it seems, be promised an audience every night.

The house beautiful which Sir John Millais built for himself at Palace Gate is about to be sold, so that the houses of two Presidents of the Royal Academy are now available for common buyers. The contents of the Millais mansion are not, however, to be dispersed. The most successful painter of his day, from a pecuniary point of view, was able to "find a family" by leaving a large sum of money to the inheritor of the Baronetcy his brush had earned; but not such a sum, for all that, as will maintain a house as big as that which is now to go into the market. The fortunes made by painters are, as a rule, disproportionately great as compared with those made by writers of answering ability; but they shrink into insignificance beside those which commerce supplies. The making of a fortune of four millions

in seven months is said to be the latest achievement of a financier; and that, if it is true, must make a new record in all the annals of immense money-makers in any age or in any land.

Dr. George Frederick Duffey is one of the leading members of the old and famous school of Irish physicians. He was born and educated in Dublin, and studied medicine in the various medical schools there, taking the degree of Bachelor of Medicine of Dublin University in 1864, when he was only in his twenty-first year. Like so many of his countrymen, he entered the army as assistant-surgeon, and served with the 24th Regiment, and after seven years' service resigned his commission and returned to his native city to practise there. His great ability marked him out for rapid promotion in his profession, and he filled many important posts in quick succession. He became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland, and at present is Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy in the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland. He is best known in the medical world by his work on Materia Medica, being editor of a text-book on that subject. He won high reputation in Ireland as one of the Physicians to the Dublin Hospital and as a lecturer on clinical medicine. Dr. Duffey founded and edited the short-lived *Irish Hospital Gazette*, and has made many contributions to medical literature.

The shrievalty of a county costs its holder sums varying with the size of the districts and the importance of the assizes. You may get off with £300 or £400 here, and be mulcted in £1000 there. The only return the Sheriff gets for his trouble and outlay is the social precedence he has over nearly everybody in the county during his year of office. Against this consoling condition he has to place the possibility of his having personally to hang a malefactor, supposing no other hangman can be found. At the nomination of sheriffs on "the morrow of St. Martin" many objections were raised before the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the rest of the Court on the part of gentlemen nominally eligible for the post, but most reluctant to undertake it, or to face the heavy fine of an unauthorised refusal. Poverty is the common complaint; but in other cases a man is an absentee from the county, or is in indifferent health, or, like a Yorkshireman the other day, "has gone to South Africa," or, like a man of Brecon, was "born in 1819," or, like a Gloucestershireman, has "a very large family"—a plea which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach did not seem to think admissible. Nor was he quite satisfied with the excuse of the Lincolnshireman on whom, as was certified, "the responsibilities of the office would have a detrimental effect" because he had lately had influenza.

On another page will be found the preliminary announcement of the prospectus of Bovril (British, Foreign, and Colonial), Limited. The chairman is again the Right Hon. Lord Playfair, and the board includes, besides Mr. J. Lawson Johnston and his son, Mr. George Johnston, Viscount Duncannon, Mr. Frederick Gordon (Chairman of the Gordon Hotels Company), Mr. R. Farquharson, Mr. Andrew Walker, etc. The share capital is £2,000,000, with an issue of debentures amounting to £500,000. The net profits for the year ending June 1896 were, we believe, upwards of £80,000, and it is estimated that next year's profits will be very considerably increased. The list will open on Monday and close on Wednesday for London, and on Thursday for the country.

The late Mr. Hyman Montagu distinguished himself among numismatists by gathering together the finest set of coins ever collected by one man; so, when they came to the hammer last week, a great crowd of eager enthusiasts filled the room of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. Expectation ran high when the famous "Juxon medal" was put up. This coin, the work of Thomas Rawlins, was presented by Charles I. to Bishop Juxon on the



THE JUXON MEDAL.

scaffold. It passed down to Juxon's descendant, Mrs. Mary Gythens, who bequeathed it to her son-in-law, the Rev. James Commeine, of St. John's College, Cambridge. Lieutenant-Colonel Drumond and the dealer Mr. Till had it in turn; and it passed into the famous Cuff Collection and ultimately came into the hands of Mr. Montagu, at whose sale on Nov. 16 it fetched £770. This is the biggest price ever paid for a coin or medal in this country.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, arrived at Windsor, from Balmoral, on Saturday morning at nine o'clock. The Empress Frederick of Germany has arrived on a visit to the Queen, her mother. On Monday General Sir Herbert Kitchener dined at the Castle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, returned on Saturday from their visit of a few days to Mr. and Mrs. W. D. James, near Chichester. His Royal Highness has gone to Castle Rising, Norfolk, on a visit to Sir Horace and Lady Farquhar, while the Princess and her daughter have returned to Sandringham.

The Duke of Cambridge distributed prizes to the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry on Saturday evening at St. James's Hall, and spoke of the need of military discipline.

Political speeches were made last week by Earl Spencer at Hereford and Gloucester; Mr. John Morley at Dundee, Montrose, and Brechin; Mr. Asquith at Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire; Sir Charles Dilke at Enfield; Lord George Hamilton at Acton and Chiswick; the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir M. Hicks-Beach at Bristol; the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain at Birmingham, on foreign commercial competition; Sir John Gorst at the Constitutional Club, London; and on Tuesday by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour at Rochdale, at the annual meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations. At a general Primrose League meeting there Lord Harris presided. The Conservative majority at the East Bradford election last week was 4921 against 4526.

The London County Council, at its meeting last week, adopted the recommendations of its Parliamentary Committee for the purchase of the works of the eight London Water Companies, to be managed by the Council jointly with the City Corporation. An amendment moved by the Earl of Onslow to ask Government to form a separate metropolitan authority for the water supply was out-voted. Much scandal has been caused by the discovery of false entries in the Works and Buildings accounts of the London County Council. It appears that for the purpose of concealing some excess of cost in particular jobs, notably the Bexley Asylum foundations, the temporary buildings at Colney Hatch, and the Lewisham sewerage, there was a fictitious transfer of credit for the value of materials, in several instances, from one job account to another. A committee of investigation has examined these matters, and has recommended the dismissal of four clerks, while a severe reprimand is to be given to the principal assistant in that official department. There is no charge of embezzlement or peculation.

A meeting to promote the municipal incorporation of the borough of Westminster took place on Monday in the Westminster Town Hall. Mr. Burdett-Coutts presided. Canon Wilberforce, Cardinal Vaughan, and Lord Onslow were the chief speakers.

The revenue returns for the period April 1 to Nov. 7 show receipts of £54,542,000, with a net expenditure of £59,877,000, and Treasury balances £1,456,000, a financial position much less favourable than at the corresponding period last year.

A deputation of the members of the Society of Friends had an interview on Saturday with Mr. G. H. Curzon, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to urge the abolition of slavery in Zanzibar. He replied that the change must not be too abrupt, and must have certain safeguards.

Sir Charles Elliott, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, has been elected to the vacant seat at the London School Board.

At Bow Street police office on Friday, Edward Bell alias Ivory, of New York, arrested at Glasgow as an accomplice of the Antwerp dynamite plot, in which P. J. Tynan, the "Number One" of the Irish Fenian conspiracy, was implicated, underwent further examination; he was again remanded for a week.

The settlement of the disputed Venezuela frontier question arranged by our Foreign Office with the Republic of Venezuela and with the United States of America provides for the determination of the territorial rights by a Court of Arbitration before Feb. 9, with the understanding that no actual occupation which has continued sixty years shall be disturbed.

In the German Reichstag on Monday statements were made by Prince Hohenlohe, Chancellor of the Empire, and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with reference to Prince Bismarck's disclosure of a secret agreement with Russia previously to his dismissal in 1890. The Ministerial assurances were satisfactory regarding the present situation of Germany and the maintenance of friendly relations both with Russia and with Austria. The notion that English royal or other private influence

could have been the cause of any change of German policy was denied and denied.

The treaty of peace between Italy and Abyssinia has been formally completed, on the basis of annulling the Ucciali treaty, by which Italy claimed a sort of Protectorate, and recognising the full imperial sovereignty of King Menelik, who has written very handsomely and generously to King Humbert, to the Pope, and to the President of the French Republic, and is about to release all the Italian soldiers and prisoners of war. He will expect Italy to repay the expenses of maintaining them.

A great Spanish military effort is now to be made by General Weyler to subdue the Cuban rebellion, if possible, before March, when the new President of the United States, Mr. McKinley, will come into office, and might be urged by the Republican party to interfere. Spain has already, since March 1895, had 200,000 regular soldiers employed in this service, with very little effect. General Weyler is about to undertake an active campaign in the province of Pinar del Rio against the guerrilla insurgent bands led by Maceio. A national loan for arrears of pay and immediate war expenses has been zealously subscribed in Spain, with apparent financial success.

Diplomatic negotiations with the Sultan of Turkey have again been interrupted by the temporary absence of

At the meeting of the Consolidated Goldfields Company in London on Monday, the chairman, Mr. J. B. Robinson, gave a very favourable account of the recent acts of the Transvaal Government and Legislature to the advantage of the mining interest, and of the policy of President Kruger.

In Australia the Queensland National Bank, at Brisbane, is in great difficulties, with liabilities exceeding the assets by two and a half millions sterling. The Colonial Legislature has authorised the Government to guarantee the current deposits in this bank for twelve months.

MUSIC.

M. Lamoureux is with us again, and has proved himself once more to be a conductor of the highest quality and consideration. One does not, it is true, like to make comparisons of too pointed a character, and yet it is inevitable that in a season which has seen in one London Hall Richter and Colonne, one should resort to comparison when a new and shining light comes before one's critical vision. It may confidently be said that Lamoureux holds his own with the best of them. His playing of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was indeed a superb achievement. Aimless complaints were here and there made to the effect that there was something even faulty in this absolute

faultlessness. It may be remembered that about a year ago precisely the same criticism was passed by a particularly intelligent contemporary. For one's own part, however, the argument may be stated only to be demolished. Considering that the whole aim of art is towards perfection, that must indeed be a curious criticism which objects to the accomplishment of that aim. So far as a careful and conscientious attention to every detail of the Beethoven Symphony can declare, it may be said that the interpretation was absolutely flawless. This was on Monday night; on Tuesday afternoon, at his second concert, the same conductor achieved a similar success by his playing of the "Parsifal" overture, and the Walkürenritt. To introduce a new sensation into performances of work so familiar may, indeed, be regarded as an extraordinary feat; yet M. Lamoureux succeeded in doing so. For sheer poetry of effect his rendering of the "Parsifal" music must stand unrivalled—we had almost written unattainable elsewhere.

The Crystal Palace Concerts, meanwhile, have been progressing gaily, and on Saturday last Mr. Manns engaged the services of Mr. Eugen D'Albert, as pianist, whose playing may be commented upon later. These admirable concerts have, one is glad to note, been rightly receiving more attention than they had just recently won from the public. Sydenham is the only place within easy distance of town where one may count upon a continuous round of fine music finely played. It may be hoped that the day is far distant when the directors will carry out their ominous threat of stopping the series, if public patronage be not more heartily accorded to it.

Mr. D'Albert's name has been mentioned. A few days ago he gave a recital at the St. James's Hall, which was attended with so much success that he purposed to repeat the experiment next week. In truth, as a Beethoven player—the same criticism, it may be said, appeared in this column a year ago, when this excellent artist was very coldly received in the general Press—D'Albert has only one rival, the incomparable Paderewski. His playing of an early Beethoven Sonata

at his recent concert was exquisite in its strength, its virility, and withal its delicacy. He intends, at his forthcoming recital, to devote his attention entirely to Beethoven's works.

It is gratifying to record that Herr Balling will shortly give the English public an opportunity of judging the effect of his viola-alta in combination with the other instruments of the regulation quartet. Mr. Large, who has made himself to a considerable extent responsible for the introduction of Herr Ritter's instrument to England, maintains, it seems, that as the new instrument has been pronounced successful in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere on the Continent in solo work, it therefore stands to reason that it must be successful in England in combination with other instruments. No doubt this would be the case in "Russia, Germany, and elsewhere on the Continent"; but have we acknowledged its success in England yet as a solo instrument? Let us, however, confess to its great possibilities, and trust that its success in the future is assured. In Herr Balling's later concerts, Mdlle. St. André fulfilled all the expectation she had aroused at her début as a vocalist.

The Henschel Concert of last week had all the success which Mr. Henschel's industry, vigour, and determination amply deserve. He produced a Symphonic Poem by Smetana, entitled "Richard III.", although by any other name it would sound as sweet, which had a certain rugged merit and a picturesque beauty of its own. The playing of the Meistersinger Overture was not so fiery as Mott's version of the same intense work, but it was thoroughly sound, scholarly, and impressive.



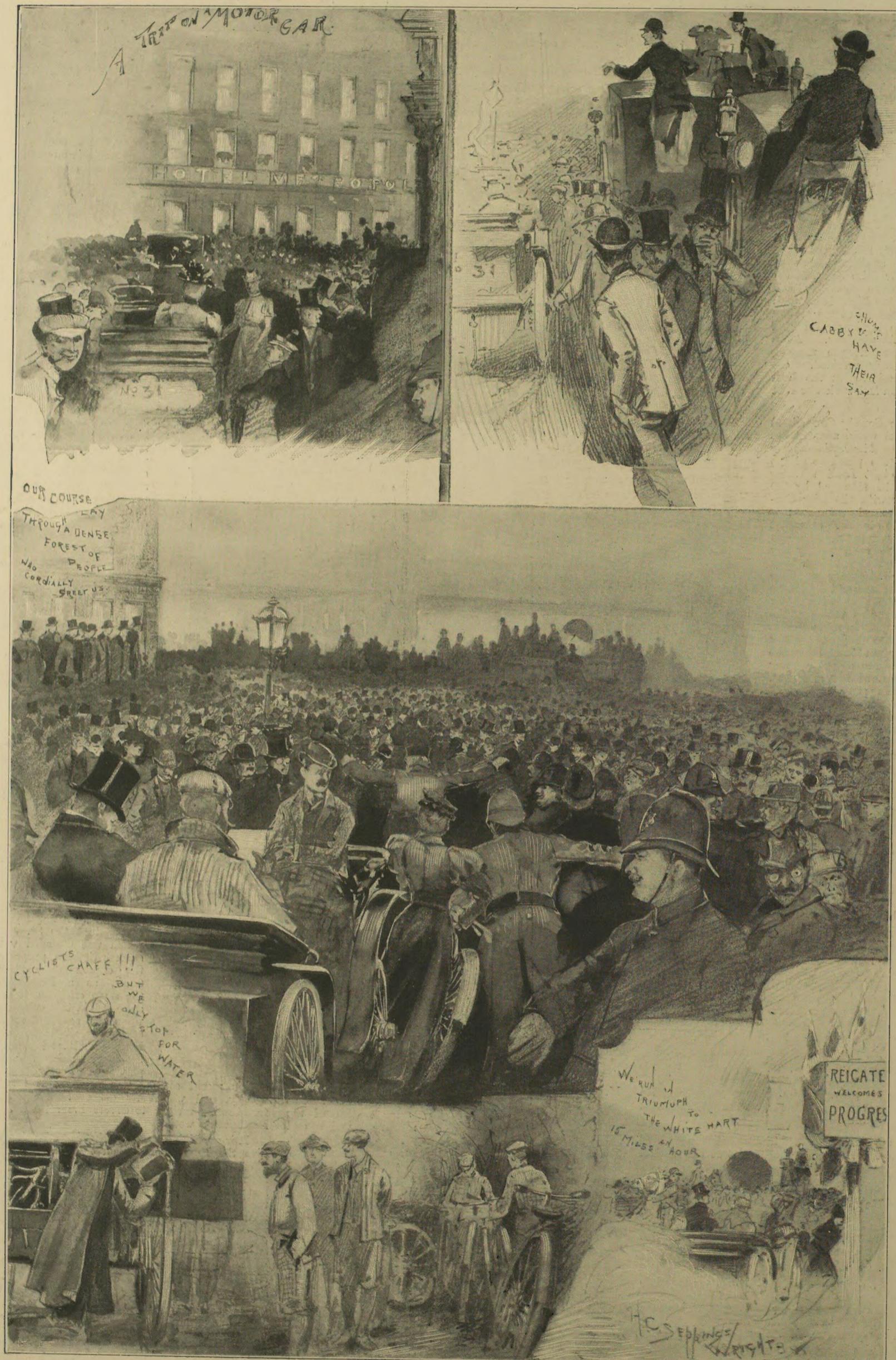
THE INAUGURATION OF THE MOTOR-CAR: ENTERING REIGATE.
See "Our Illustrations."

M. Neliloff, the Russian, and Baron Calice, the Austrian Ambassador, from their posts at Constantinople. The delay in executing the stipulations for reform of the government in Crete occasions much complaint and dissatisfaction. Signor Pansa, the Italian Ambassador, has had an audience of the Sultan, and has strongly remonstrated. It is believed that the Turkish Question will now be seriously discussed between France and Russia in diplomatic conferences at St. Petersburg.

The prospects of severe distress in India, from the failure of agricultural crops this year, seem to be worse from week to week, and there are now 120,000 people on the Government relief works, mostly in the North-West Provinces.

In West Africa, the Royal Niger Company is about to undertake, under the direction of Sir George Goldman-Taubie, with the assent of the Colonial Office, a large military expedition, with seven hundred Haussa troops, European officers, and gun-boats on the river, against the Ilorins, a powerful hostile Mohammedan tribe. The expedition will start from Akassa about the middle of December.

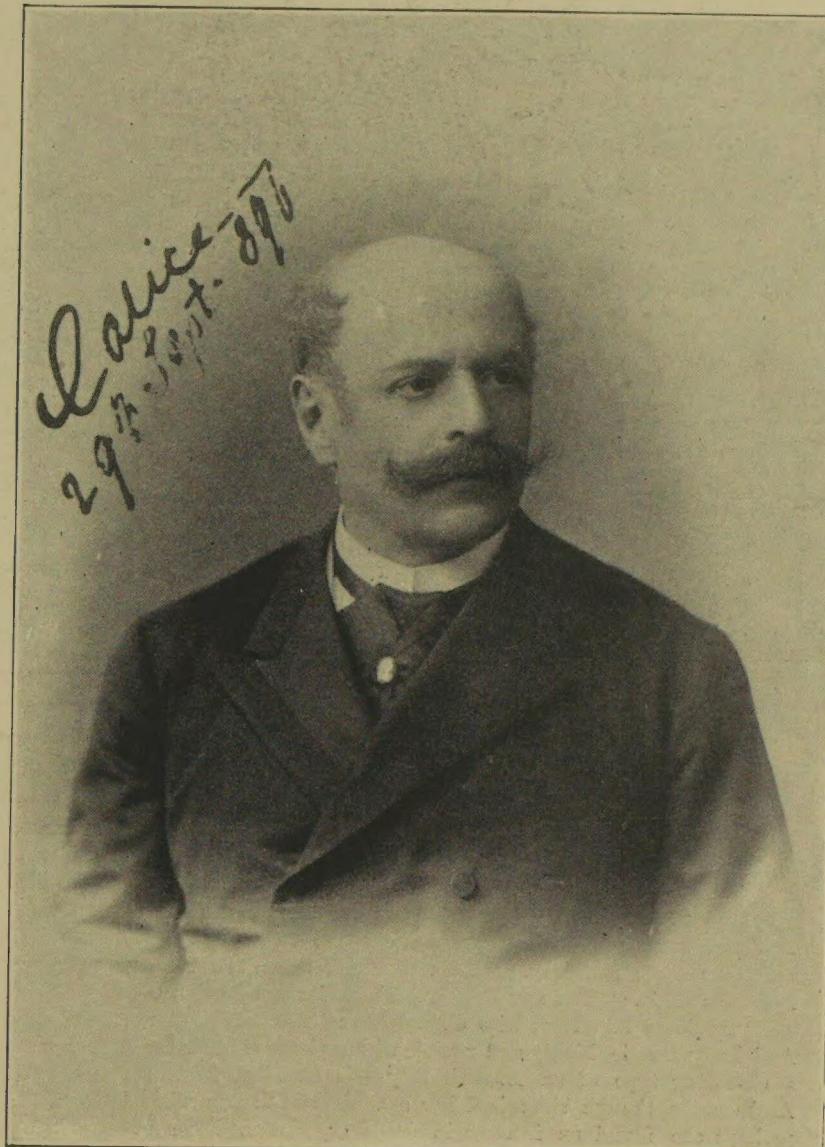
Mr. Cecil Rhodes, in Mashonaland, South Africa, has made a speech in which he states that the Chartered Company is going to raise £750,000 by debentures to subsidise a company for the construction of a railway from Buluwayo to Salisbury. Rumours are current, but are not yet confirmed, with regard to the pecuniary compensation demanded of the British South Africa Company for Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

THE AMBASSADORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Mr. Melton Prior, our well-known War Artist, who has lately returned from Constantinople, contributes to the Christmas Number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* a budget of interesting "Impressions" of the Turkish capital and the other scenes rendered notorious by the long series of "Armenian atrocities" which have lately filled



BARON CALICE, AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

From an Autograph Portrait presented to Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Constantinople.

the civilised world with indignant horror. In the course of his article Mr. Prior gives several vivid word pictures of the conditions of Court life in Constantinople, and an interesting glimpse of the social relations of the various foreign Ambassadors, of whom he was privileged to see something in private life, and several of whom presented him with autograph portraits when he left Constantinople for England.

The Ambassadors of the Powers have held anything but an enviable office during the last few months, but none of their respective compatriots have probably held them responsible in any degree for the deadlock between the Powers which they represent, even when the complex position of international politics seemed most readily to play into the hand of the Sultan in his misgovernment. For the wider issues of European international relations obliged the Ambassadors to act with extreme caution, and even, in some cases, to incur the suspicion of dilatoriness in the eyes of English agitators who felt the need of strenuous and immediate remedies. The Ambassadors were nevertheless acting as a very powerful check upon the disorder which was rampant in Constantinople. They were able, in many instances, by virtue of their office, to interfere in cases of individual persecution, such as might otherwise have added to the prevailing panic among the Armenians. When the raid upon the Ottoman Bank was made, for example, almost the first persons to arrive upon the scenes of riot and disaster, after the first explosions were Sir Edgar Vincent and his staff. They were joined almost immediately by M. Maximoff, the first dragoman of the Russian Embassy, and the restoration of some sort of order was largely due to their negotiations, in which they guaranteed the personal safety of the Armenians concerned in the affair, on the condition that they immediately evacuated the Bank. Then, again, the prompt action of Mr. Herbert, the British Chargé d'Affaires, in posting sentinels, drawn from the British guard-ship, round the Embassy, and the prompt following of this course by several of the Embassies, was not without a reassuring effect upon the Armenian population and upon the foreign residents of the city, who felt that they had strongholds of refuge still left to them even in the hour of riot and massacre, and the assistance that was lent to the various refugees was popularly felt to be a considerable safeguard. The prompt demand of the Italian Embassy that the Porto should punish the Turkish soldiers who were found guilty of murdering an Italian subject, and the large amount of indemnity demanded by the Austrian Embassy for the family of M. Zlatko, brother of the Austro-Hungarian Consul at Seres, who was killed by Ottoman troops, may be quoted as illustrations of the influence which the various Embassies undoubtedly exercised in controlling the popular panic at its outset. Beyond question, too, the severe attitude adopted by the Ambassadors towards the Sultan did much to check the excesses of his government. The strong expression of disapproval manifested in the decision of the Ambassadors not to illuminate their respective Embassies on the anniversary of the Sultan's accession must have commended itself to all their countrymen, and the firm consistency with which they continued to remonstrate with the Sultan and the Porte made itself felt, slowly but surely, even while they had not the authority to take more coercive measures.

Mr. Prior's "Impressions" include a pleasant glimpse of Sir Philip Currie in a less momentous connection: To Sir Philip Currie, who was First Secretary of the British Embassy in 1876, I owe (he writes) one of the richest jests in all my experience. When we walked in the Embassy Gardens at Therapia, after dinner, and with his unaffected courtesy he drew my attention to the magnificent view of the Bosphorus, opening into the Black Sea, I had an allegorical sketch of this, in my mind's eye, of the British Ambassador steadily

confronting the armament of Russia on the horizon. It was a subject for the pencil of Tenniel. When the north wind blows, there is always a large fleet of vessels from the Black Sea streaming through the narrow neck of the Bosphorus; and on this particular evening I saw a great mass of white sails bending towards the strait. So much for the picturesque; now comes the joke.

The Ambassadors always meet at the house of Baron Calice, the Austrian representative, who is the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps. Most courteous of men, the Baron was good enough to allow me to make a sketch of the conference-room. First, I was ushered into a small apartment, bleakly furnished, offering no object of excitement to the sketcher. Then the Baron conducted me to a magnificent reception-room, sumptuously appointed, with a portrait of an Austrian Archduke over the mantelpiece, to which my host drew my particular attention. I sat down to make my drawing, and he sat beside me, pointing to the places usually occupied by the various Ambassadors. Here Sir Philip Currie was wont to rest his elbow; there M. Cambon habitually struck an impressive attitude. I was deeply interested, and worked away with a will. Presently, the Baron begged me to excuse him, as he had business elsewhere. A magnificent footman visited my solitude with a delectable tray of tea and the insinuating alcohol which—tell it not to Sir Wilfrid—commonly accompanies that beverage in the East. This delicate attention I owed to the Baroness Calice, and I toiled on with renewed energy. The room seemed more magnificent than ever, the Archduke more imposing. I could hear the Ambassadors discussing the situation, and I saw the Concert of Europe behind every chair! I pictured the grateful emotions of the readers of *The Illustrated London News* when they saw this sketch of the véritable place where the diplomatists, who manage the Turk, draw up their paper flats.

Next day the drawing was posted; and, calling on Sir Philip Currie, I expressed my extreme gratification that I had enjoyed such a privilege. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"That isn't the conference-room at all!" he said, when this strange outburst had subsided.

"Ye gods!" I exclaimed. "Where is it then?"

"It is the little room you go into first."

"What! The room with the trumpery table and a second-hand desk?"

"That's it," said Sir Philip; and he roared again.

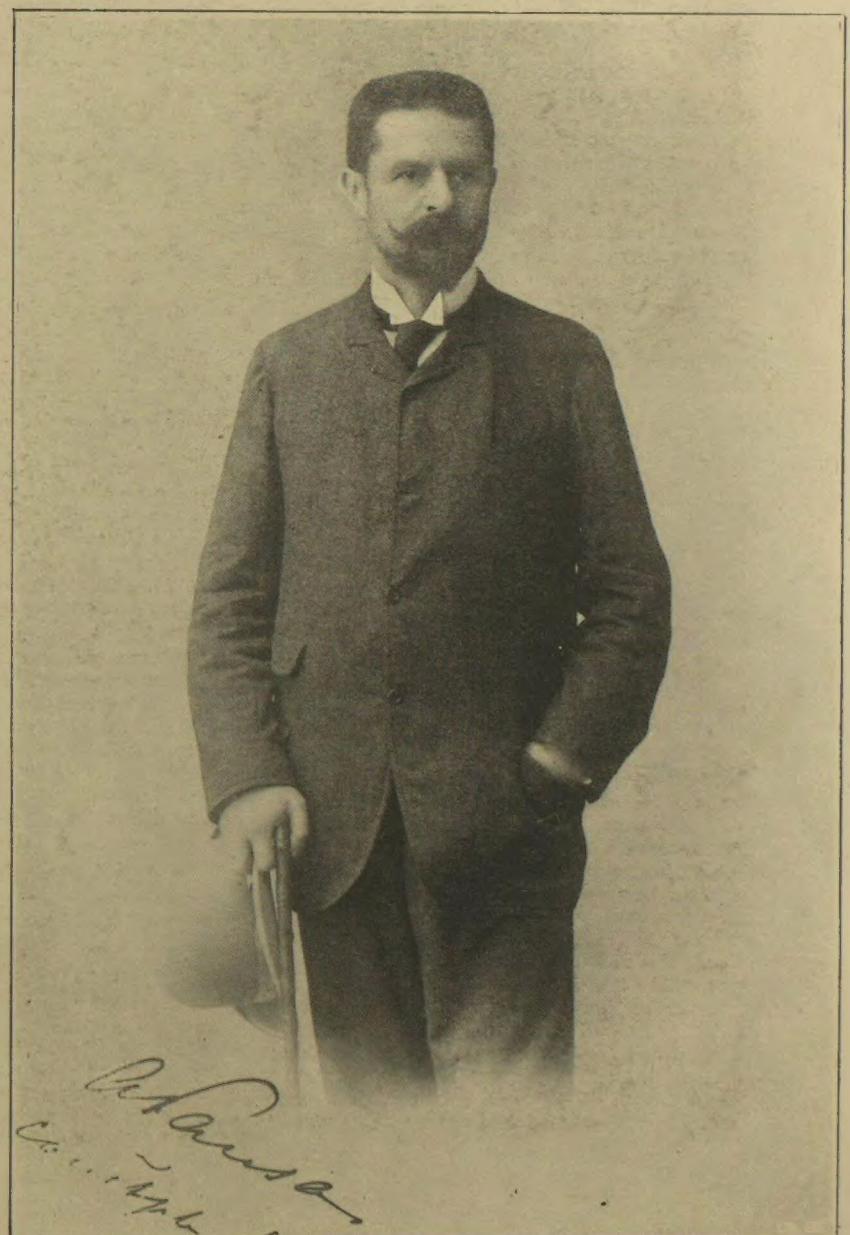
"Then why in the name of—"

"I don't know, unless the Baron wanted his best drawing-room to figure in *The Illustrated London News*."

"Jupiter! That's why he pointed out the blessed Archduke!"

Here Sir Philip shrieked again; and I, Melton Prior, war-artist, caught by the infection, shrieked too at my own discomfiture. I can only hope, as I write these lines, that my readers who have been suitably impressed by the picture of the Baron's drawing-room will accept these shrieks as full recompense for my unwitting deception.

To ourselves certainly the most interesting figure among the Ambassadors is that of Sir Philip Currie. Sir Philip has had many years' experience of the diplomatic service, and for two years he was private secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury. He was one of the secretaries of the celebrated Berlin Conference, and was in 1894 appointed British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte. When asked recently by the ubiquitous interviewer if he were satisfied with his post, he replied there was no Embassy, other than Paris, which he would prefer, and he went on to describe how agreeable he found a life on the Bosphorus. "The feeling of tranquillity," he adds, "is delightful, and the climate is charming. The only drawback is that it is rather enervating, and if one has stayed here some time he becomes conscious of a loss of energy." Sir Philip Currie is very fond



CHEVALIER PANSA, ITALIAN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

From an Autograph Portrait presented to Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Constantinople.

of horse exercise and also of flowers, there being a very beautiful garden attached to the Embassy. But it is interesting here to recall the impressions of a representative of the *English Illustrated Magazine* who interviewed the British Ambassador some six months ago, before the terrible Armenian crisis was in sight—

The Embassy (he said) is not only a residence for Sir Philip and Lady Currie, but all the diplomatic business is conducted under the same roof. I had the pleasure of wandering through the various rooms and offices, saw the dragomans busily engaged in translating documents, and spent some time in what is called the Chancery, and where the secretaries appeared to be taking life as easy as any Oriental might desire. About the wall I noticed photographs of former Ambassadors—Lord Dufferin, Mr. Goschen, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and others. Over the mantelpiece hangs a coloured print of no great intrinsic merit, but interesting from the fact that it represents the reception of Viscount Strangford—British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte—by the Sultan in 1821. There is a room leading out of the Chancery packed with volumes of State papers, which, were they made known to the public, would no doubt prove interesting reading. The papers, which go back fifty years—those of an earlier date resting in the archives of the Foreign Office at home—are all arranged, so that without trouble all the papers dealing with Syria or Karamania or any other country within the Ottoman Empire may be reached immediately.

During our chat I asked the Ambassador what he took to be the sentiments of the Turks towards the people of Western nations.

"The Turks," he said, "mix very little with European society. You might think that European influence would in time break down the barrier there is between the two peoples. But all indications are the other way, and the Turk has now less to do with Europeans than formerly. They are not encouraged to do so by the Sultan; indeed, I do not think I am misrepresenting his Majesty when I say that he discourages it."

"But is there not a movement amongst what are known as the Younger Turks to adapt themselves to European ways, both in government and customs?"

Perhaps the question was more searching than I had any right to put to an Ambassador. "I have heard of something of the kind," was the cautious reply I received, and I did not press the point.



BARON VON SAURMA-JELTSCH, GERMAN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.
From an Autograph Portrait presented to Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Constantinople.

We next fell to discussing books, and Sir Philip, with a mild shrug of the shoulders, lamented that culture was not a strong point with Turkey. He told me that the relation between the members of the diplomatic corps was one of friendliness and cordiality, but was afraid they must altogether often cause annoyance to the Sultan, who probably wishes he could renew the practice of his ancestors and lock up the Ambassadors in the Seven Towers while he went to war with their masters. In words of warm praise, his Excellency spoke to me of his secretaries and assistants at the Embassy. "I am proud of them," he said, "for I am sure I have as able a staff as any British Ambassador to a foreign Court can desire."

"Madame l'Amambadrice d'Angleterre" is a title that most ladies covet. And Lady Currie, kindly and genial, with a pleasant smile for all her guests—a charming type of an English lady—is an ideal hostess and wife of an Ambassador, though she raised her shoulders in dismay when I remarked that perhaps she found an interest in dabbling just a little in politics. She confessed she bothered her head with no such thing. She has hobbies of her own, and the collection of miniatures she showed me is one of the finest I have seen. The Government provides little furniture for its representative, except an oil-painting of the Queen and a few chairs stamped with "V.R." on the back. So Lady Currie had taken most of her things from home, and, surrounded by her treasures, she can, when she likes, forget she is several thousands of miles away from Park Lane, and among a people whose language she does not know. In the corridors are a series of pictures representing the famous Eglinton Tournament, a family from which Lady Currie claims descent.

It was in the Blue Drawing-room that I had the pleasure of spending over an hour in conversation with Lady Currie, while Buzz was rushing round, going through all sorts of antics.

The Ambassadress drew my attention to several beautiful Cosway prints which she has taken some pains in collecting. All the pictures about the room are of interest. I noticed a satin screen on which Lady Currie had herself painted bunches of flowers. In one corner I found three exquisite water-colours of bits of Stamboul; the top of a minaret, a view of the Bosphorus, some Turkish girls camping. There is a book of mezzotints, the pages of which I turned over with fondness, for the work was so delicate and so vigorous, contrasting strangely with many of the mezzotints one sees nowadays. The miniatures, however, are what Lady Currie took the most pleasure in, and she pointed out several excellent examples of Cosway's work, such as the miniatures of George, Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Lady Holland. Lady Currie is also a collector of rare books and first editions, but these were all left far away at home in England, for she did not feel justified at running any risks by taking them out to Turkey.

It was natural that our conversation should turn on the position of women in the Orient.

"I have been in the harems of two former Grand Viziers," said Lady Currie, "and I found the ladies very charming, speaking French, and being accomplished in many ways. In the harem of — Pasha they were dressed in European costume; but afterwards, to please me, they put on their Turkish attire. I have visited other harems; but really one is not doing a kindness to the ladies by going, for the very fact of my being the wife of the British Ambassador seems to throw some kind of suspicion on them."

Both the Ambassador and Lady Currie referred in kindly words of appreciation to the Chief Secretary at the Embassy, the Hon. Michael Herbert, who acts as Chargé d'Affaires in the Ambassador's absence. Mr. Herbert, who is the brother of the Earl of Pembroke, holds the distinction of making an almost unparalleled advance in the diplomatic service. One evening, when Constantinople was half hid under a drizzling rain, and the Grand Rue de Pera was a good deal less attractive than the Strand on a murky foggy day, I was invited to Mr. Herbert's private room at the Embassy, and there, before a cosy wood fire, we were able to talk over the delights and the disadvantages of a diplomatic career.

Mr. Herbert, though only thirty-eight years of age, has occupied several important posts on the Continent and in America.

"What place do you like best to reside in?" I asked.

"Paris. I enjoyed Paris, for there one gets a combination of plenty of hard work and amusement. Besides, one is always so near home. At Washington, however, one feels far away, and unless one constantly goes over to England there is a chance of losing touch with one's friends. After leaving America I was at the Hague for a year before being sent out here."



M. PAUL CAMBON, FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.
From an Autograph Portrait presented to Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Constantinople.



SIR PHILIP CURRIE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

From an Autograph Portrait presented to Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Constantinople.

Diplomacy in America and here in Turkey are two very different things. The Americans think little of diplomacy, whereas the Orientals think of nothing else."

Mr. Herbert, who is a tall, pleasant-featured man, and recalls with a laugh a description of him in a Transatlantic journal as "a languid dude in a claw-hammer coat, with a Du Maurier hero air," lives in the Rue Immam. Mrs. Herbert, whom the First Secretary married in 1888 during his stay at Washington, has made the house as English as possible, though the front hall is adorned in Turkish style. Many of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert's belongings are scattered about the world—in London, the Hague, and elsewhere—but wherever they go they carry about with them a collection of the photographs of their friends, including Mr. Bayard, Mr. Blaine, and other American Ministers, as well as sketches of Wilton, the beautiful home of the Herberts down in Wiltshire.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Pope was an author of experience, and probably the first who, in England, made a pretty sum out of the sale of his books. In his opinion "an author who is at all the expenses of publication ought to clear two thirds of the whole profit into his own pocket."

As a rule, nobody publishes at his own risk, except the author who can get nobody to take the risks, and he is usually a novelist. There is usually some publisher whose novels are all bad, and all paid for by their authors. "Profit" there is none for the writers. But a successful book, on which the publisher gets but 10 per cent. (and, of course, his expenses), pays the author, I am informed, better than a book published on a royalty or on half profits. If so, Mr. Pope must be nearly right, and the arrangement better for the author by as much as two thirds are better than a half.

Pope explained that if one thousand copies of a piece are sold at 3s. each to "the common buyer" (the public), the whole sale will produce £150. The expense (including publisher's commission) should be but £50, and the author's gains £100.

Malone, editing "Spence's Anecdotes," objects to this theory. "Each of these books must be sold by the author's publisher to other booksellers for 2s. 3d., and the produce will be but £112 10s. The expenses in 1794 would be £82, not £50, as reckoned by Pope, and, instead of £100, the author would get £30 10s. Now suppose the author gets a royalty of twopence on the shilling (Scott's favourite proportion) for 1000 copies at three shillings, he will receive 1000 sixpences, that is £25; so, even on Malone's reckoning, he would be wise to publish at his own expense.

But when Pope speaks of a book sold at three shillings, he means not to the trade, but "to the common buyer," the public. This book, sold to you or me for three shillings, would, I presume, be sold cheaper to the booksellers, and would have a *nominal* price of I really cannot guess what; for "discount," in books or bicycles, is a truly mysterious topic. On Pope's theory, a successful novelist, the only successful kind of author, would be well advised if he took all risks and paid the publishers a commission. Whether this is done or not I leave to the organ of the Authors' Society.

A great deal is made of children nowadays. Mr. Swinburne is the laureate of *Le Roy Bébé*, a creature for which Scott professed that he had no liking. Mr. Kenneth Grahame writes his diverting, if slightly incongruous, "Golden Age," so pleasant, so pretty, and so devoted to the glorification of infancy. Now Miss Austen, "as bright a genius, and as sincere a Christian," says her biographer, as sleeps in Winchester Cathedral, clearly disliked children. In her novels they are always spoiled, they are bothering brats, ruined by fond, silly mothers. In "Persuasion" there is a powerful scene: Anne Elliot is rescued from the ferocities of a little boy of two by her estranged lover, Captain Wentworth. Miss Austen seldom introduces rescues of ladies by Paladins, but she ventures on this exception. She also indicates her opinion that the two real interests of childhood are toffee and play.

Now Miss Austen, bless her, was not a sour old maid. But she clearly had a resolute idea that children interrupt conversation, absorb an undue share of attention, scream for what they want, and, out of their proper place, are distinguished little nuisances.

These are stern opinions, yet one is not absolutely convinced that they are destitute of reason. That everything and everybody must always give way to a little girl who screams, or a little boy who shouts, may be a fine theory. Miss Austen did not think so. One comfort is that, as her works instruct us, children were royally spoilt about 1800-1820. It was not all whipping and Evangelical sermons for children, as we might infer from such books as "The Fairchild Family," by Mrs. Sherwood. Even now, sometimes, we meet with children whose parents neither snub nor spoil them. And, ah! how much more pleasant and how much happier they are than the infants who are permitted to monopolise attention and tyrannise over conversation.

I have known two men who were at school with great English poets. One of these was at Eton in Shelley's time; he was a Mr. Hammond, a Fellow of Merton College, who lived to a great age, and was a charming companion. Of Shelley he remembered little except his habit of walking alone, his head on one side, and suddenly breaking into spurts of running. "Shelley was not a clever boy," my old friend would say. "Shelley never was *sent up for good*." Nor did Shelley play for Eton, as Byron played for Harrow. Shooting partridges was Shelley's favourite form of sport in these days.

My other acquaintance was at school with Mr. William Morris, who was captain of his dormitory at Marlborough, and was nicknamed "Crab." Mr. Morris did not show any notable promise of genius at school; like Shelley, he "was not a clever boy." Nor did he take any part in games. Poets do not seem, as a rule, to be of much schoolboy promise, though Cowper assures us that he was himself a useful cricketer. Swimming, I presume, was Mr. Swinburne's forte at Eton. Mr. Robert Bridges was twelfth man in the Eton eleven, so to speak, *Hibernice*, and a very hard hitter. At Oxford he stroked the Corpus boat and carried it to Head of the River. But R.N.C., after being bumped, changed their ship, altered their crews, took a pint of champagne each, and actually bumped Corpus back again, an extraordinary feat. They held their place, though hard pressed, till the end. Next year, I think, Corpus went Head, and stayed there. I know not if any of our other numerous modern poets were men of their hands at school and college. Scott and Byron, in sports, were rather exceptions to the rule among minstrels, and Wordsworth was only a trout-fisher. I fear that the poet is commonly of little account in the Heroic Oligarchy of a school or of a college.—A. B.



M. DE NÉLIDOFF, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.
From an Autograph Portrait presented to Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Constantinople.



A SPHINX OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

By J. Bernard Partridge,



The JESSAMY Bride

by
F. FRANKFORT MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XIX.

When his visitor had gone Goldsmith seated himself in his chair and gave way to the bitter reflections of the hour. He knew that the end of his dream had come. The straightforward words which Johnson had spoken had put an end to his self-deception—to his hoping against his better judgment that by some miracle his devotion might be rewarded. If any man was calculated to be a disperser of vain dreams that man was Johnson. In the very brutality of his straightforwardness there was, however, a suspicion of kindliness that made any appeal from his judgment hopeless. There was no timidity in the utterances of his phrases when forcing his contentions upon any audience; but Goldsmith knew that he only spoke strongly because he felt strongly.

Times without number he had said to himself precisely what Dr. Johnson had said to him. If Mary Horneck herself ever went so far as to mistake the sympathy which she had for him for that affection which alone would content him, how could he approach her family? Her sister had married Bunbury, a man of position and wealth, with a country house and a town house—a man of her own age, and with the possibility of inheriting his father's baronetcy. Her brother was about to marry a daughter of Lord Albemarle. What would these people say if he, Oliver Goldsmith, were to present himself as a suitor for the hand of Mary Horneck?

It did not require Dr. Johnson to speak such forcible words in his hearing to enable him to perceive how ridiculous were his pretensions. The tragedy of the poet's life among men and women eager to better their prospects in the world was fully appreciated by him. It was surely, he felt, the most cruel of all the cruelties of destiny that the men who make music of the passions of men—who have surrounded the passion of love with a glorifying halo—should be doomed to spend their lives looking on at the success of ordinary men in their loves by the aid of the music which the poets have created. That is the poet's tragedy of life, and Goldsmith had often found himself face to face with it, feeling himself to be one of those with whom destiny is only on jesting terms.

Because he was a poet he could not love any less beautiful creature than Mary Horneck, any less gracious, less sweet, less pure, and yet he knew that if he were to go to her with those poems in his hand which he only of all living men could write, telling her that they might plead his cause, he would be regarded—and rightly, too—as both presumptuous and ridiculous.

He thought of the loneliness of his life. Was it the lot of the man of letters to remain in loneliness while the people around him were taking to themselves wives and begetting sons and daughters? Had he nothing to look forward to but the laurel wreath? Was it taken for granted that a contemplation of its shrivelling leaves would more than compensate the poet for the loss of home—the grateful companionship of a wife—the babble of children—all that his fellow-men associated with the gladness and glory of life?

He knew that he had reached a position in the world of letters that was surpassed by no living man in England. He had often dreamed of reaching such a place, and to reach it he had undergone privation—he had sacrificed the best years of his life. And what did his consciousness of having attained his end bring with it? It brought to him

the snarl of envy, the howl of hatred, the mock of malice. The air was full of these sounds; they dinned in his ears and overcame the sounds of the approval of his friends. And it was for this he had sacrificed so much? So

much? Everything. He had sacrificed his life. The one joy that had consoled him for all his ills during the past few years had departed from him. He would never see Mary Horneck again. To see her again would only be to



He knelt down and blew the spark into a blaze.

increase the burden of his humiliation. His resolution was formed and he would abide by it.

He rose to his feet and picked up the roll of poems. In sign of his resolution he would burn them. He would, with them, reduce to ashes the one consolation of his life.

In the small grate the remains of a fire were still glowing. He knelt down and blew the spark into a blaze. He was about to thrust the manuscript into it between the bars when the light that it made fell upon one of the lines. He had not the heart to burn the leaf until he had read the remaining line of the couplet; and when at last, with a sigh, he hastily thrust the roll of papers between the bars, the little blaze had fallen again to a mere smouldering spark. Before he could raise it by a breath or two, his servant entered the room. He started to his feet.

"A letter for you, Sir," said John Eyles. "It came by a messenger lad."

"Fetch a candle, John," said Goldsmith, taking the letter. It was too dark for him to see the handwriting, but he put the tip of his finger on the seal and became aware that it was Mary Horneck's.

By the light of the candle he broke the seal, and read the few lines that the letter contained—

Come to me, my dear friend, without delay, for Heaven's sake. Your ear only can hear what I have to tell. You may be able to help me; but if not, then . . . Oh, come to me to-night.—Your unhappy

JESSAMY BRIDE.

He did not delay an instant. He caught up his hat and left his chambers. He did not even think of the resolution to which he had just come, never to see Mary Horneck again. All his thoughts were lost in the one thought that he was about to stand face to face with her.

He stood face to face with her in less than half an hour. She was in the small drawing-room where he had seen her on the day after the production of "She Stoops to Conquer." Only a few wax candles were lighted in the cut-glass sconces that were placed in the centre of the panels of the walls. Their light was, however, sufficient to make visible the contrast between the laughing face of the girl in Reynolds's picture of her and her sister which hung on the wall, and the sad face of the girl who put her hand into his as he was shown in by the servant.

"I knew you would come," she said. "I knew that I could trust you."

"You may trust me indeed," he said. He held her hand in his own, looking into her pale face and sunken eyes. "I knew the time would come when you would tell me all that there is to be told," he continued. "Whether I can help you or not you will find yourself better for having told me."

She seated herself on a sofa, and he took his place beside her. There was a silence of a minute or two, before she suddenly started up, and, after walking up and down the room nervously, stopped at the mantelpiece, leaning her head against the high slab, and looking into the smouldering fire in the grate.

He watched her, but did not attempt to express the pity that filled his heart.

"What am I to tell you—what am I to tell you?" she cried at last, resuming her pacing of the floor.

He made no reply, but sat there following her movements with his eyes. She went beside him, and stood, with nervously clasped hands, looking with vacant eyes at the group of wax candles that burned in one of the sconces. Once again she turned away with a little cry, but then with a great effort she controlled herself, and her voice was almost tranquil when she spoke, seating herself.

"You were with me at the Pantheon, and saw me when I caught sight of that man," she said. "You alone were observant. Did you also see him call me to his side in the Green Room at the playhouse?"

"I saw you in the act of speaking to him there—he calls himself Jackson—Captain Jackson," said Goldsmith.

"You saved me from him once!" she cried. "You saved me from becoming his—body and soul."

"No," he said; "I have not yet saved you, but God is good; He may enable me to do so."

"I tell you if it had not been for you—for the book which you wrote, I should be to-day a miserable castaway."

He looked puzzled.

"I cannot quite understand," said he. "I gave you a copy of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' when you were going to Devonshire a year ago. You were complaining that your sister had taken away with her the copy which I had presented to your mother, so that you had not an opportunity of reading it."

"It was that which saved me," she cried. "Oh, what fools girls are! They are carried away by such devices as should not impose upon the merest child! Why are we not taught from our childhood of the baseness of men—some men—so that we can be on our guard when we are on the verge of womanhood? If we are to live in the world why should we not be told all that we should guard against?"

She laid her head down on the arm of the sofa, sobbing. He put his hand gently upon her hair, saying—

"I cannot believe anything but what is good regarding you, my sweet Jessamy Bride."

She raised her head quickly and looked at him through her tears.

"Then you will err," she said. "You will have to think ill of me. Thank God you saved me from the worst, but it was not in your power to save me from all—to save me from myself. Listen to me, my best friend. When I was in Devonshire last year I met that man. He was staying in the village, pretending that he was recovering from a wound which he had received in our colonies in America. He was looked on as a hero and feted in all directions. Every girl for miles around was in love with him, and I—innocent fool that I was—considered myself the most favoured creature in the world because he made love to me. Any day we failed to meet I wrote him a letter—a foolish letter such as a school-miss might write—full of protestations of undying affection. I sometimes wrote two of these letters in the day. More than a month passed in this foolishness, and then it came to my uncle's ears that we had meetings. He forbade me continuing to see a man of whom no one knew anything definite, but about whom he was having strict inquiries made. I wrote to the man to this effect, and I received a reply persuading me to have one more meeting with him. I was so infatuated that I met him secretly, and then in impassioned strains he implored me to make a runaway match with him. He said he had enemies. When he had been fighting the King's battles against the rebels these enemies had been active, and he feared that their malice would come between us, and he should lose me. I was so carried away by his pleading that I consented to leave my uncle's house by his side."

"But you cannot have done so."

"You saved me," she cried. "I had been reading your book, and, by God's mercy, on the very day before that on which I had promised to go to him I came to the story of poor Olivia's flight and its consequences. With the suddenness of a revelation from Heaven I perceived the truth. The scales fell from my eyes as they fell from St. Paul's on the way to Damascus, only where he perceived the heaven I saw the hell that awaited me. I knew that that man was endeavouring to encompass my ruin, and in a single hour—thanks to the genius that wrote that book—my love for that man, or what I fancied was love, was turned to loathing. I did not meet him. I returned to him, without a word of comment, a letter he wrote to me reproaching me for disappointing him; and the very next day my uncle's suspicions regarding him were confirmed. His inquiries resulted in proof positive of the ruffianism of the fellow who called himself Captain Jackson. He had left the army in America with a stain on his character, and it was known that since his return to England at least two young women had been led into the trap which he laid for me."

"Thank God you were saved, my child," said Goldsmith, as she paused, overcome with emotion. "But being saved, my dear, you have no further reason to fear that man."

"That was my belief too," said she. "But alas! it was a delusion. So soon as he found out that I had escaped from him, he showed himself in his true colours. He wrote threatening to send the letters which I had been foolish enough to write to him, to my friends—he was even scoundrel enough to point out that I had in my innocence written certain passages which were susceptible of being interpreted as evidence of guilt—nay, his letter in which he did so took it for granted that I had been guilty, so that I could not show it as evidence of his falsehood. What was left for me to do? I wrote to him imploring him to return to me those letters. I asked him how he could think it consistent with his honour to retain them and to hold such an infamous threat over my head. Alas! he soon gave me to understand that I had but placed myself more deeply in his power."

"The scoundrel!"

"Oh! scoundrel! I made an excuse for coming back to London, though I had meant to stay in Devonshire until the end of the year."

"And 'twas then you thanked me for the book."

"I had good reason to do so. For some months I was happy, believing that I had escaped from my persecutor. How happy we were when in France together! But then—ah! you know the rest. My distress is killing me—I cannot sleep at night. I start a dozen times a day; every time the bell rings I am in trepidation."

"Great Heaven! Is't possible that you are miserable solely on this account?" cried Goldsmith.

"Is there not sufficient reason for my misery?" she asked. "What did he say to me that night in the Green Room? He told me that he would give me a fortnight to accede to his demands; if I failed he swore to print my letters in full, introducing my name so that everyone should know who had written them."

"And his terms?" asked Goldsmith in a whisper.

"His terms? I cannot tell you—I cannot tell you. The very thought that I placed myself in such a position as made it possible for me to have such an insult offered to me makes me long for death."

"By God! 'tis he who has need to prepare for death!" cried Goldsmith, "for I shall kill him, even though the act be called murder."

"No—no!" she said, laying a hand upon his arm. "No friend of mine must suffer for my folly. I dare not

speak a word of this to my brother for fear of the consequences. That wretch boasted to me of having laid his plans so carefully that, if any harm were to come to him, the letters would still be printed. He said he had heard of my friends, and declared that if he were approached by any of them nothing should save me from being made the talk of the town. I was terrified by the threat, but I determined to-day to tell you my pitiful story in the hope—the forlorn hope—that you might be able to help me. Tell me—tell me, my dear friend, if you can see any chance of escape for me except that of which poor Olivia sang: 'The only way her guilt to cover.'"

"Guilt? Who talks of guilt?" said he. "Oh, my poor innocent child, I knew that whatever your grief might be there was nothing to be thought of you except what was good. I am not one to say even that you acted foolishly; you only acted innocently. You, in the guilelessness of your own pure heart, could not believe that a man could be worse than any monster. Dear child, I pray of you to bear up for a short time against this stroke of fate, and I promise you that I shall discover a way of escape for you."

"Ah, it is easy to say those words 'bear up.' I have said them to myself a score of times within the week. You cannot now perceive in what direction lies my hope of escape?"

He shook his head, but not without a smile on his face, as he said—

"'Tis easy enough for one who had composed so much fiction as I have to invent a plan for the rescue of a tortured heroine; but, unhappily, it is the case that in real life one cannot control circumstances as one can in a work of the imagination. That is one of the weaknesses of real life, my dear; things will go on happening in defiance of all the arts of fiction. But of this I feel certain: Providence does not do things by halves. He will not make me the means of averting a great disaster from you and then permit me to stand idly by while you suffer such a calamity as that which you apprehend just now. Nay, my dear, I feel that as Heaven directed my pen to write that book in order that you might be saved from the fate of my poor Livy, I shall be permitted to help you out of your present difficulty."

"You give me hope," she said. "Yes—a little hope. But you must promise me that you will not be tempted to do anything that is rash. I know how brave you are—my brother told me what prompt action you took yesterday when that vile slander appeared. But were you not foolish to place yourself in jeopardy? To strike at a serpent that hisses may only cause it to spring."

"I feel now that I was foolish," said he humbly: "I ran the chance of forfeiting your friendship."

"Oh, no, it was not so bad as that," she said. "But in this matter of mine I perceive clearly that craft and not bravery will prevail to save me, if I am to be saved. I saw that you provoked a quarrel with that man on the night when we were leaving the Pantheon: think of it, think what my feelings would have been if he had killed you! And think also that if you had killed him I should certainly be lost, for he had made his arrangements to print the letters by which I should be judged."

"You have spoken truly," said he. "You are wiser than I have ever been. But for your sake, my sweet Jessamy Bride, I promise to do nothing that shall jeopardise your safety. Have no fear, dear one, you shall be saved, whatever may happen."

He took her hand and kissed it fondly.

"You shall be saved," he repeated.

"If not—" said she in a low tone, looking beyond him.

"No—no," he whispered. "I have given you my promise. You must give me yours. You will do nothing impious."

She gave a wan smile.

"I am a girl," she said. "My courage is as water. I promise you I will trust you, with all my heart—all my heart."

"I shall not fail you—Heaven shall not fail you," said he, going to the door.

He looked back at her. What a lovely picture she made, standing in her white loose gown with its lace collar that seemed to make her face the more pallid!

He bowed at the door.

CHAPTER XX.

He went for supper to a tavern which he knew would be visited by none of his friends. He had no wish to share in the drolleries of Garrick as the latter turned Boswell into ridicule to make sport for the company. He knew that Garrick would be at the club in Gerrard Street, to which he had been elected only a few days before the production of "She Stoops to Conquer," and it was not at all unlikely that on this account the club would be a good deal livelier than it usually was even when Richard Burke was wittiest.

While awaiting the modest fare which he had ordered he picked up one of the papers published that evening, and found that it contained a fierce assault upon him for having dared to take the law into his own hands in attempting to punish the scoundrel who had introduced the name of Miss Horneck into his libel upon the author of the comedy about which all the town were talking.

The scurrility of his new assailant produced no impression upon him. He smiled as he read the ungrammatical expression of the indignation which the writer purported to feel at so gross an infringement of the liberty of the Press as that of which—according to the writer—the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith was guilty. He did not even fling the paper across the room. He was not dwelling upon his own grievances. In his mind, the worst that could happen to him was not worth a moment's thought compared with the position of the girl whose presence he had just left.

He knew perfectly well—had he not good reason to know?—that the man who had threatened her would keep his threat. He knew of the gross nature of the libels which were published daily upon not merely the most notable persons in society, but also upon ordinary private individuals; and he had a sufficient knowledge of men and women to be aware of the fact that the grossest scandal upon the most innocent person was more eagerly read than any of the other contents of the prints of the day. That was one of the results of the publication of the scurilities of Junius: the appetite of the people for such piquant fare

any monetary claim upon her, he was not sordid. He was the more inclined to disregard the question of the possibility of buying the man off, knowing as he did that he should find it impossible to raise a sufficient sum for the purpose; and he believed, with Mary Horneck, that to tell her friends how she was situated would be to forfeit their respect for ever.

She had told him that only cunning could prevail against her enemy, and he felt certain that she was right. He would try and be cunning for her sake.

He found great difficulty in making a beginning. He remembered how often in his life, and how easily, he had been imposed upon—how often his friends had entreated him to acquire this talent, since he had certainly not been endowed with it by nature. He remembered how upon some occasions he had endeavoured to take their advice; and he also remembered how, when he found he had been extremely shrewd, it turned out that he had never been more clearly imposed upon.

He wondered if it was too late to begin again on a more approved system.

He brought his skill as a writer of fiction to bear upon

as—as what? As a token of the affection which he bore her? But he had promised Johnson to root out of his heart whatever might remain of that which he had admitted to foolishness.

Alas! alas! He sat up for hours in his cold rooms thinking, hoping, dreaming his old dream that a day was coming when he might without reproach put those verses into the girl's hand—when, learning the truth, she would understand.

And that time did come.

In the morning he found himself ready to face the question of how to get possession of the letters. No man of his imagination could give his attention to such a matter without having suggested to him many schemes for the attainment of his object. But in the end he was painfully aware that he had contrived nothing that did not involve the risk of a criminal prosecution against himself, and, as a consequence, the discovery of all that Mary Horneck was anxious to hide.

It was not until the afternoon that he came to the conclusion that it would be unwise for him to trust to his own resources in this particular affair. After all, he was but a



But while he was in this state his servant announced a visitor.

was whotted, and there was no lack of literary cooks to prepare it. Slander was all that the public demanded: they did not make the brilliancy of Junius one of the conditions of their acceptance of such compositions—all they required was that the libel should have a certain amount of piquancy.

No one was better aware of this fact than Oliver Goldsmith. He knew that Kenrick, who had so frequently libelled him, would pay all the money that he could raise to obtain the letters which the man who called himself Captain Jackson had in his possession; he also knew that there would be no difficulty in finding a publisher for them; and as people were always much more ready to believe evil than good regarding anyone—especially a young girl against whom no suspicion had ever been breathed—the result of the publication of the letters would mean practically ruin to the girl who had been innocent enough to write them.

Of course, a man of the world, with money at his hand, would have smiled at the possibility of a question arising as to the attitude to assume in regard to such a scoundrel as Jackson. He would merely inquire what sum the fellow required in exchange for the letters. But Goldsmith was in such matters as innocent as the girl herself. He believed, as she did, that because the man did not make

the question (which may be taken as evidence that he had not yet begun his career of shrewdness).

How, for instance, would he, if the exigencies of his story required it, cause Moses Primrose to develop into a man of resources in worldly wisdom? By what means would he turn Honeywood into a cynical man of the world?

He considered these questions at considerable length, and only when he reached the Temple, returning to his chambers, did he find out that the waiter at the tavern had given him change for a guinea two shillings short, and that half-a-crown of the change was made of pewter. He could not help being amused at his first step towards cunning. He certainly felt no vexation at being made so easy a victim of: he was accustomed to that position.

When he found that the roll of manuscript which he had thrust between the bars of the grate remained as he had left it, only slightly charred at the end which had been the nearer to the hot, though not burning, coals, all thoughts of guile—all his prospects of shrewdness were cast aside. He unfolded the pages and read the verses once more. After all, he had no right to burn them. He felt that they were no longer his property. They either belonged to the world of literature or to Mary Horneck,

man: it required the craft of a woman to defeat the wiles of such a demon as he had to deal with.

That he knew to be a wise conclusion to come to. But where was the woman to whom he could go for help? He wanted to find a woman who was accustomed to the wiles of the devil, and he believed that he should have considerable difficulty in finding her.

He was, of course, wrong. He had not been considering this aspect of the question for long before he thought of Mrs. Abington, and in a moment he knew that he had found a woman who could help him if she had a mind to do so. Her acquaintance with wiles he knew to be large and varied, and he liked her.

He liked her so well that he felt sure she would help him—if he made it worth her while; and he thought he saw his way to make it worth her while.

He was so convinced he was on the way to success that he became impatient at the reflection that he could not possibly see Mrs. Abington until the evening. But while he was in this state his servant announced a visitor—one with whom he was not familiar, but who gave his name as Colonel Gwyn.

Full of surprise, he ordered Colonel Gwyn to be shown into the room. He recollects having met him at a dinner at the Reynolds', and once at the Hornecks' house in

Westminster; but why he should pay a visit to Brick Court Goldsmith was at a loss to know. He, however, greeted Colonel Gwyn as if he considered it to be one of the most natural occurrences in the world for him to appear at that particular moment.

"Dr. Goldsmith," said the visitor when he had seated himself, "you have no doubt every reason to be surprised at my taking the liberty of calling upon you without first communicating with you."

"Not at all, Sir," said Goldsmith. "'Tis a great compliment you offer to me. Bear in mind that I am sensible of it, Sir."

"You are very kind, Sir. Those who have a right to speak on the subject have frequently referred to you as the most generous of men."

"Oh, Sir, I perceive that you have been talking with some persons whose generosity was more noteworthy than their judgment."

And once again he gave an example of the Goldsmith bow which Garrick had so successfully caricatured.

"Nay, Dr. Goldsmith, if I thought so I would not be here to-day. The fact is, Sir, that I—I—i' faith, Sir, I scarce know how to tell you how it is I appear before you in this fashion."

"You do not need to have an excuse, I do assure you, Colonel Gwyn. You are a friend of my best friend—Sir Joshua Reynolds."

"Yes, Sir, and of other friends, too, I would fain hope. In short, Dr. Goldsmith, I am here because I know how highly you stand in the esteem of—of—well, of all the members of the Horneck family."

It was now Goldsmith's turn to stammer. He was so surprised by the way his visitor introduced the name of the Hornecks he scarcely knew what reply to make to him.

"I perceive that you are surprised, Sir?" said Gwyn.

"No, no—not at all—that is—no, not greatly surprised—only well, Sir, why should you not be a friend of Mrs. Horneck: her son is like yourself, a soldier?" stammered Goldsmith.

"I have taken the liberty of calling more than once during the past week or two upon the Hornecks, Dr. Goldsmith," said Gwyn; "but upon no occasion have I been fortunate enough to see Miss Horneck. They told me she was by no means well."

"And they told you the truth, Sir," said Goldsmith somewhat brusquely.

"You know it then? Miss Horneck is really indisposed? Ah! I feared that they were merely excusing her presence on the ground of illness. I must confess a headache was not specified."

"Nay, Sir, Miss Horneck's relations are not destitute of imagination. But why should you fancy that you were being deceived by them, Colonel Gwyn?"

Colonel Gwyn laughed slightly, not freely.

"I thought that the lady herself might think, perhaps, that I was taking a liberty," he said somewhat awkwardly.

"Why should she think that, Colonel Gwyn?" asked Goldsmith.

"Well, Dr. Goldsmith, you see—Sir, you are, I know, a favoured friend of the lady's—I perceived long ago—nay, it is well known that she regards you with great affection as a—no, not as a father—no, as—as an elder brother, that is it—yes, as an elder brother, and therefore I thought that I would venture to intrude upon you to-day. Sir, to be quite frank with you, I love Miss Horneck, but I hesitate—as I am sure you could understand that any man must—before declaring myself to her. Now, it occurred to me, Dr. Goldsmith, that you might not conceive it to be a gross impertinence on my part if I were to ask you if you knew of the lady's affections being already engaged. I hope you will be frank with me, Sir."

Goldsmith looked with curious eyes at the man before him. Colonel Gwyn was a well-built man of perhaps a year or two over thirty. He sat upright on his chair—a trifle stiffly, it might be thought by some people, but that was pardonable in a military man. He was also somewhat inclined to be pompous in his manners; but anyone could perceive that they were the manners of a gentleman.

Goldsmith looked earnestly at him. Was that the man who was to take Mary Horneck away from him? he asked himself.

He could not speak for some time after his visitor had spoken. At last he gave a little start.

"You should not have come to me, Sir," he said slowly.

"I felt that I was taking a great liberty, Sir," said Gwyn.

"On the contrary, Sir, I feel that you have honoured me with your confidence. But—ah, Sir, do you fancy that I am the sort of man a lady would seek for a confidant in any matter concerning her heart?"

"I thought it possible that she—Miss Horneck—might have let you know. You are not as other men, Dr. Goldsmith: you are a poet, and so she might naturally feel that you would be interested in a love affair. Poets, all the world knows, Sir, have a sort of—well, a sort of vested interest in the love affairs of humanity, so to speak."

"Yes, Sir, that is the decree of Heaven, I suppose, to compensate them for the emptiness in their own hearts to which they must become accustomed. I have heard of childless women becoming the nurses to the children of their happier sisters, and growing as fond of them as if they were their own offspring. It is on the same principle, I suppose, that poets become sympathetically interested in the world of lovers, which is quite apart from the world of letters."

Goldsmith spoke slowly, looking his visitor in the face. He had no difficulty in perceiving that Colonel Gwyn failed to understand the exact appropriateness of what he had said. Colonel Gwyn himself admitted as much.

"I protest, Sir, I scarcely take your meaning," he said. "But for that matter, I fear that I was scarcely fortunate enough to make myself quite plain to you."

why she may not love some man. Does a woman only give her love to one who is worthy of it? It is fortunate for men that that is not the way with women."

"It is fortunate; and in that reflection, Sir, I find my greatest consolation at the present moment. I am not a bad man, Dr. Goldsmith—not as men go; there is in my lifetime nothing that I have cause to be ashamed of; but, I repeat, when I think of her sweetness, her purity, her tenderness, I am overcome with a sense of my own presumption in aspiring to win her. You think me presumptuous in this matter, I am convinced, Sir."

"I do—I do. I know Mary Horneck."

"I give you my word that I am better satisfied with your agreement with me in this respect than I should be if you were to flatter me. Allow me to thank you for your great courtesy to me, Sir. You have not sent me away without hope, and I trust that I may assume, Dr. Goldsmith, that I have your good wishes in this matter, which I hold to be vital to my happiness."

"Colonel Gwyn, my wishes—my prayer to Heaven are that Mary Horneck may be happy."

"And I ask for nothing more, Sir. There is my hand on it."

Oliver Goldsmith took the hand that he but dimly saw stretched out to him.

(To be continued.)

PICTURES OF PEOPLE.

In his new album, *Pictures of People* (Lane), Mr. C. D. Gibson shows the cunning of his hand in more countries than his own, in more aspects than of yore. He takes us to Paris; he shows us London as he saw it this summer;

and his faultily faultless goddess stands forth as of old at every turning. She, indeed, remains the *dea ex machina* of his imaginative work; the girl as she is to-day in the throes of love, now in the crowded ball-room, now at the seaside, now on the golf-links. For, from the reduced reproduction of the cartoon we have been permitted to give here, you will see the vivid enunciation of a cardinal point in Mr. Gibson's outlook—the dominance of emotion even in the woman who upsets a masculine conceit in the shape of a golf club. That is the old-fashioned position—the woman is always a woman by instinct. Where he agrees with the moderns is in showing that instinct is not necessarily co-ordinate with acquired intelligence: that the two things often clash and lead to disaster. Then we see the woman of the future—in the pulpit, at the bar, in the barracks. But we knew

Mr. Gibson in this aspect

before. What is new are his sketches of London life. But here he is not always master of his subject. For example, his picture of a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace is not very successful in point of portraiture: it lacks distinction in composition. On the other hand, when his imagination is at work, as it is in the picture of a London theatre—the pittites exuberant, the stalls bored and weary—he is at his best. His Englishwoman, in fact, is almost as stolid as was Du Maurier's. When, however, he crosses the Channel and gets into a Parisian boulevard or the Latin Quarter, he is himself again. Nothing could be better than one picture showing a woman seated in a café, and the real living Trilby of the Latin Quarter of to-day is portrayed—a very different being from the splendidly impossible Miss O'Ferrall. With some imperfections, that knowledge will yet rectify, this is a portfolio to cherish. It has fancy, exquisite technique, humour, and pathos: in short, the indefinable, illusive charm of genius.

We have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons a stupendous portfolio composed of Christmas cards in a bewildering variety of design. This gives some idea of the labour expended on this branch of decorative art. Many of the cards are admirable reproductions of well-known pictures, and others seem to exhaust the possibilities of dainty fancy. We learn from Messrs. Tuck that the demand for Christmas cards this year is greater than ever. The increase is reckoned by millions, and it has this significant feature, that the cards hitherto ordered for abroad with inscriptions in the vernacular of the respective countries, are this year to be inscribed with English greetings. Not only Christmas, but *our* Christmas, has conquered the world—a fact which cannot fail to heighten the gratification with which it will be celebrated in these islands.



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"Oh, yes," said Goldsmith, "I think I gathered from your words all that you came hither to learn. Briefly, Colonel Gwyn, you are reluctant to subject yourself to the humiliation of having your suit rejected by the lady, and so you have come hither to try and learn from me what are your chances of success."

"How admirably you put the matter!" said Gwyn. "And I fancied you did not apprehend the purport of my visit. Well, Sir, what chance have I?"

"I cannot tell," said Goldsmith. "Miss Horneck has never told me that she loved any man."

"Then I have still a chance?"

"Nay, Sir; girls do not usually confide the story of their attachments to their fathers—no, nor to their elder brothers. But if you wish to consider your chances with any lady, Colonel Gwyn, I would venture to advise you to go and stand in front of a looking-glass and ask yourself if you are the manner of man to whom a young lady would be likely to become attached. Add to the effect of your personality—which I think is great, Sir—the glamour that surrounds the profession in which you have won distinction, and you will be able to judge for yourself whether your suit would be likely to be refused by the majority of young ladies."

"You flatter me, Dr. Goldsmith. But, assuming for a moment that there is some force in your words, I protest that they do not reassure me. Miss Horneck, Sir, is not the lady to be carried away by the considerations that would prevail in the eyes of others of her sex."

"You have learned something of Miss Horneck, at any rate, Colonel Gwyn."

"I think I have, Sir. When I think of her, I feel despondent. Does the man exist who would be worthy of her love?"

"He does not, Colonel Gwyn. But that is no reason

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XL.

Stoke Park.

DOWN in the south-western corner of the long shire of Buckingham there lies a country churchyard, the most famous in England; it is within the boundaries of an ancient deer-park, close by the old manor-house of the lords who ruled and hunted there, and but a little distance from the newer mansion of a century ago. This is a pleasant, quiet country, undulating with just the beginnings of the Chiltern Hills, whose narrow parallelogram fills all the middle part of Bucks; the Thames lies but a few miles to the southward, and across it the long line of Windsor stands out nobly against the sky.

As the least geographical will have already guessed, this churchyard of many memories is that of Stoke Pogis, commonly taken by the outside world, and deeply sworn by all true Stoke Pogites, to be the scene of Gray's Elegy. Here are, at all events, the "ivy-mantled tower," "the rugged elms, the yew-trees' shade"; nor can the nodding beech, "that wreathes its old fantastic roots so high," be far to seek, for this is Buckinghamshire, the special county of the tree. And it is the neighbouring manor-house which is described in that "Long Story" of the invasion of the poet's peace by—

A brace of warriors not in buff
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

So, strangely enough, the commemoration of its very stillness and calm has brought to this modest corner of the world something of the noise of fame; and Stoke Pogis is more known for the poet's verses that may have been written in and of it than for the veritable history of its ancient park and the noteworthy people who now and again have lived there.

For history has heard of the dwellers in the manor house now shrunk to a single wing, and in the castle on whose site it was built, more than once or twice; and, happily, a pretty complete record has been kept of the great folk and small who have lived there in the eight centuries since the Conquest. There was, first of all, the family which

took its name from the place and held possession for two centuries, and then the family which gave the place its second name. From whom the de Stokes, who lived here from 1086 till 1291, were descended is not altogether clear, but there seems a probability that Hugh de Stoke, whose name we find in a charter of 1106, was a son or near descendant of one Walter, who is set down in Domesday as holding Stoke as the tenant of William Fitz-Ansculf. The last of the de Stokes, a lady whose name was Amicia, married one Robert Poges, also of Buckinghamshire, and brought the estate into his family. The Poges, or Podges, seem to have been of higher standing in the county than the Stokes, in spite of their unromantic name; but, indeed, none of the first three owners of the place were favoured in the matter of name. Stoke or Stockes, Poges, and Mullins all savour of the crowd, though Mullins no doubt put a better face on the matter at this period, when it was spelt de Molines, and suggested, quite properly, a Norman origin.

The third family were owners of Stoke for over a hundred years, from 1331 to 1441. The first of their name to rule here was Sir John Molines, an energetic and ambitious knight—Edward the Third's treasurer, and by him ennobled—to whom this estate came with his wife, Egidia, "cousin and heir" of Margaret Poges, who married one John Mauduit. And the last of the family, Lord William de Molines, was also a brave fighter, and died in the service of England at the siege of Orleans, where he was defending a bridge against a sortie of the French. His tomb is in the church at Stoke, as is Sir John's.

Then came the Hungerfords, in their day a family of much power. The unlucky Robert, Lord Hungerford, was seven years a prisoner in France, and got home only to forfeit his estates and lose his life by fighting against the Yorkists in the Wars of the Roses. He had married Alianore de Molines—whose tomb is in Stoke Church—and to whom Edward IV. generously returned the forfeit property; her granddaughter, Mary Hungerford, bestowed the estate, with her hand, upon a member of another famous house—Edward Hastings, son of the Lord put to death by Richard III.

The Hastings held Stoke for a century, from 1480 till about 1580, and the last of them—Henry, third Earl of Huntingdon—built, or at all events finished the building

of, the manor house. After them tradition has made Sir Christopher Hatton master here for a time; and Gray expressly tells us how—

Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.

But it is probable that Sir Christopher only rented the place. The evidence of Sir Edward Coke's ownership is much clearer; and he had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth at Stoke—and, moreover, of presenting her with "jewels and other gifts to the amount of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds." It is noticeable that in the time of Lord Purbeck, who married Coke's daughter Frances, another monarch was, for perhaps a fortnight, a guest at Stoke—but a most unwilling one, for he was Charles I. and a prisoner.

After Lord Purbeck, who was a Villiers, the Gayers and the Halseys followed; and then came the long ownership of the noted family of Penn, which extended from 1760 till 1848. The Hon. Thomas Penn, who bought the manor of Stoke Poges in the former year, was son of William Penn, who founded the great American colony which he desired to call *Sylvania*—for it was a country of forests—and of which the name received from the King its prefix of *Penn*. To the Penns succeeded the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere (afterwards Lord Taunton), Mr. Coleman, and, in 1887, the present owner, Mr. Wilberforce Bryant; a dozen or thirteen families have in these eight hundred years been masters of this house of Stoke and its predecessors. Let us see now what manner of dwelling-place it is.

To reach it, one crosses the green loveliness of an English park, barred halfway to the house by a narrow lake overhung with trees: a lake invented by the famous Capability Brown, and much visited by gleaming swans and ducks of modest blacks and greys. The ancient manor-house is a little to the right, by the waterside; great trees stand here and there, shadowy in the hot sun; splendid deer come up, tame and inquisitive, to stare at the visitor. The mansion, built in 1789, and largely rebuilt by Wyatt not long after, is in the fashion of its time: "classic," with Grecian colonnades and a dome of course anything but Greek. It stands out in the bright sun, dazzlingly white—as white as the marble palaces of modern Athens. In English woodland, by the old church of Stoke Pogis even more than elsewhere, one feels that such a building

is the spreading park; its long colonnade of lofty pillars runs from end to end, flanked by the great wings that jut out from each angle of the central square. A higher storey rises above a little parapet; and higher yet, from a parapeted roof, ascends a small, lofty dome, supported by a "lantern" of light Ionic pillars.

And, if it is handsome without, the great house of Stoke has come, of late years especially, to be exceedingly beautiful within. The entrance is as delightful, as fine in proportion and rich in colour, and, above all, as cheery in its comfortable air of welcome, as that of any English home that you shall find. From a little hall, hung with vast antlers of the deer of Stoke, you pass under a kind of archway of staircase into a great apartment that is hall, and breakfast-room, and corridor in one. The great staircase occupies its left side, and on the right high pillars divide the breakfast-chamber portion—with its great cheerful fireplace and hospitable table—from the passage-way to the Long Gallery; and there are heavy curtains to enclose it when winter winds are keen; and, behind, the great conservatory backs it with a wealth of flowers.

The part of this pleasant hall that lies beyond the columns was a separate dining-room until the days of the present owner, and the change was nothing less than a



THE CHURCH, STOKE PARK.

stroke of genius. With its entrance-hall, and its magnificent Long Gallery, and the rooms that flank it and make up its southern side, Stoke House, within, need fear no foe in the shining armour of its century.

All along the southern front, behind the colonnade that shades its outlook into the park, there runs the great gallery, 125 ft. in length. This was of old the library, but is now brighter than any book-room, except only the brilliant one at Blenheim. One looks from end to end through a series of grey pillared archways; the southern light sparkles all down the room on foot from Delhi, pictures by masters of many schools—from Whistler backwards—flowers and curious things, rare china and fine bronzework, and the tranquil adornment of some paintings by Smirke that have all the air of bas-reliefs. The prevailing colours are grey and a pale terra-cotta, cool and graceful work of Adams.

From this gallery there stands out, in the west wing, a drawing-room brilliant with white marble and rich yellows, made lovelier by the mass of gorgeous flowers and deep green leafage in the conservatory, into which it and the entrance-hall look, taking each a side. The room is rich in Japanese ware—notably in Satsuma of the different periods, old, later, new—and hung only with the flower-pictures of Fantin Latour, gleaming in the warm light with their wonderful varied colours, their sombre reds, and eager browns and yellows, and heavy splendid purples.

To balance this, the east wing has a dining-room, the same in size and shape, but deeper in colour—as, indeed, the solemnity of the British dinner requires—and rich with tapestry and the large and strongly painted pictures of beautiful children. From its eastern window is an outlook into a lovely enclosure, the private grounds of the house—smooth grass of the richest green, with dark and splendid trees behind.

Passing up the staircase which fills one end of that hospitable entrance-room, you find that it represents an Italian courtyard; the colours are the characteristic browns and reds of Italy, and the windows that overlook the staircase are artfully contrived to have the air of turning their out and not their in side towards it. There is some fine hammered ironwork in the railings; and a relief by Thorwaldsen, pleasant and serene like everything that is his.

From an upper morning-room, airy and full of light



THE OLD MANOR HOUSE, STOKE PARK.

is exotic; the old Tudor house was more at home here, and one is glad that this classic fashion has passed away in architecture as in other arts. Yet, of its class, the palace of Stoke is among the best. It is not bare, not heavy, certainly not ugly; and there are not so many among its contemporaries for whom the candid friend can say as much.

And on a clear day of summer its whiteness shines out wonderfully against the rich green grass, the deep blue sky that we see now and again even in England. The house stands rather high, overlooking a little terrace and then



OLD MANOR HOUSE.

LOWER PART OF LAKE.

THE LAKE.
ENGLISH HOMES: STOKE PARK.

and colour, one has a noble view of Windsor Castle, across the woodland and the water, a long grey line of varied tower and turret. The distant castle is, indeed, to be reckoned as one of the beauties of Stoke Park; it is seen from many points, and one little summer-house has been set of purpose opposite a square peephole, cut through branches of the trees, which frames very quaintly and prettily the silhouette of Windsor.

There is no need to say what a view of the park, and all the country round, is to be had from the dome of Stoke House. Close by are great sweeps of smooth grass, with tall trees standing on it, as lonely islands of shade, or here and there clustered in a group, or further off massed in woods; a noble chestnut is one of the finest of the solitary trees. The roofs of villages show, now and again, among the woodland. Gray's church, of course, lies close below us, and the church of Farnham Royal—is it not a rival claimant?—rises just beyond the borders of the park. And there are the monuments; for Stoke is a great home of "storied urn and animated bust." The cenotaph of Gray himself is a huge stone erection, close beside the church; a very striking portrait-model of Coke looks down upon the park from its height of seventy feet; there is an urn to Lady Georgiana Penn, a little temple called Shakspere's Seat—quite a collection of classical tributes to those whom Stoke has delighted to honour.

To the modern man, however, the native beauties of the park have a nearer charm than all the art, in stone and stucco, of the eighteenth century: he finds in the guidance, philosophy, and friendship of the landscape-gardener quite enough of conscious beauty—yet, to be altogether just, not too much. "Capability Brown" and his successors may fairly boast that their lakes, their avenues, their walks of greensward among the shady trees, have made of Stoke Park an extremely lovely place. Near the house, especially, those private grounds of which we had a glimpse from the dining-room window have noble vistas of great trees: Scotch firs, with the pale pinkish-brown of their stems, tall redwood trees from Canada, giant araucarias with their fantastic growth—there is but one finer in England, it is said, than the largest of these—and a walk of azaleas, blazing with colour in their season.

Nothing in the park is more noticeable than yet another beauty which art could not touch, and which yet the care of man has greatly increased. The herd of red and fallow deer contains stags of extraordinary size, whose ancestors have no doubt thriven on the ample commons provided for them, summer and winter, at Stoke, a deer-park through many centuries. There are three hundred of them here, splendid creatures and cautiously tame; and every year fifty or sixty young are born. In the old times "a stag of ten" was reckoned a stag royal; but now, in the entrance-hall at Stoke, may be seen antlers "of twenty-one," shed but the other day. A curious story is told of some keepers who, only a few years back, found one morning in the lake two great stags; they had fought for days, and had fallen into the water and drowned, with horns interlocked—neither of them mortally wounded in the combat, but both dead-beat, unable to make their way out of the water.

Further afield in the grounds is the Green Drive, a long and mossy path which winds among high firs; great trees, ivy-clad, overspread it with the deepest shade, and by its side, here and there, ancient oaks spread their arms, like gnarled giants yawning at the monotony of their country life. To the right of the drive is an outlook on an open space which was for a little while a racecourse. "Stoke Park" was its title, and it was heralded as a rival to Kempton; but after two meetings it ceased to exist, to the infinite relief of the neighbourhood.

The beautiful little church is not far away: with its long slope of roof and massive wooden porch, and that

But I have to deal with the park, the manor house and its successor, and those who have dwelt in them; and so must leave in the charge of Gray the fame of the little church. By its wall stands the tomb in which he lies—he, and the mother whose loving epitaph he wrote upon its stone: "Beside her friend and sister here sleep the remains of DOROTHY GRAY, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." Let me note, though, that for the poet's

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS. There is a good deal to commend in the present exhibition of the Institute, not the least improvement being a reduction in the number of the works hung.

In the West Gallery Mr. Edgar Bundy's "Parnaby Rudge at the County Justice's" (72) is a most conspicuous canvas on account of its size and crude colouring. The attitude of mad Barnaby letting loose his raven is well rendered, but the idea seems hackneyed, whilst the vacant space in the centre of the picture is a distinct drawback to its success. Curiously enough, a similar defect in a totally different style of picture mars Mr. St. George Hare's "Death of William the Conqueror" (397), where the artist at least had the excuse for thinking that solitude had in itself the nature of solemnity. This "spaciousness," however, is not always Mr. St. George Hare's characteristic, as his delightful picture, "Preaching to the Heathen" (119), bears witness. It is in some ways the most successful, as it is certainly the most truly humorous, work in the exhibition. A small child, with open book before her, is solemnly addressing herself to a number of murderous-faced Japanese masks, ranged in front, whilst at her side is the "collection plate" containing three coppers, the first-fruits of her eloquence. Mr. John R. Reid's "Fairy Queen" (112) touches more upon the pathos of life—the little breadwinner of the sorely pressed family being sent out by her mother to earn her pittance. There is a hardness about the child's face as well as the mother's which tells of the weary fight, which the contrast between her white gauze dress and the dingy surroundings accentuates. Mr. W. Llewellyn's "Labour of Love" (105), a girl arranging flowers, is, on the other hand, the brightest and cheeriest picture imaginable—very clever in its management of the various tones of white and its delicate touches of light green, but not quite original in its idea. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's "Impromptu" (125), Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "Distinguished Visitor" (6), and Mr. J. A. Lomax's "Where Ignorance is Bliss," belong to a style of painting with which the artists have long been honourably connected.

In the Central Gallery the portrait of his mother (203) by Mr. Arthur Hacker stands out conspicuously among the works by which it is surrounded, conveying at once a sense of dignity and force; Mr. Chevallier Tayler's "Billy" (158) being the only study of a head of equal merit. Mr. Nettleship takes us to "Circe's Watch-Tower" (218), guarded by wild animals, and Mr. Robert Fowler to "The Family Hearth" (189), when it harboured nymphs and satyrs. Both works are fine as regards colouring, and show more imagination than one often finds on the walls of the Institute. Mr. H. Carter's two Rembrandtesque studies of London street life are especially interesting, as showing how thoroughly the artist has assimilated the principles of chiaro-oscuro as taught in the painting schools of Holland by precept and example.

In the East Gallery Mr. E. F. Brewtnall's "Hammersmith Mall" (356) will add considerably to his reputation as an artist, although we cannot help thinking that plain unvarnished truth has had to give place to his sense of picturesqueness. The success of the Hon. John Collier's "Devonshire Orchard" (358) in like manner seems endangered by the introduction of such a lady-like figure into the foreground, and by the attempt to pass her off as "a daughter of the soil." Mr. Edgar Barclay's "Under the Nut-Trees" (451), full of warmth and sunlight; and Mr. James Hill's "Staintondale" (405), a bit of quiet English landscape, are all worthy of notice, and redeem the exhibition from the reproach of being the refuge for commonplace work and ideas.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Mr. Carr Glynn's appointment to the See of Peterborough will vacate a Proctorship in Convocation for the Archdeaconry of Middlesex. The Vicar of Kensington has held the seat by a very secure tenure, the more moderate men of all parties joining in his support. But it is not easy to find a successor who fills quite the same position in the public mind. In all probability, therefore, we shall see rather a severe contest for the seat. The preliminary steps are already taken. Prebendary Montagu Villiers, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, is announced as one candidate, and it is understood that a very well-known member of another school of thought has been approached upon the other side. The friends of the candidates will have ample time for work, as the election cannot come off until the new year.

The more London Churchmen hear of their Bishop-Designate, the more they like him. The early statements which suggested that he was a party man have been decisively contradicted. It is believed that steps are being taken in more quarters than one to offer the Bishop a warm welcome on his coming to London.

Great legacies are sometimes inconvenient to religious and philanthropic societies; they create an impression that the aid of the regular subscriber is no longer needed. The S.P.G. fears that its recent windfall may have this effect, and is sending out some thousands of circulars showing that it needs the help of the average Churchman as much as ever.

The proposal for a Cambridge House in South London has been warmly taken up. The London part of the diocese of Rochester is, indeed, singularly well off in this way, for the School and College Missions have shown a great leaning towards this field. The adroit management of the late Bishop Thorold had a good deal to do with this.

The *Methodist Recorder* prints a list of twenty-two names of new Mayors who are Wesleyans. Many of these are office-bearers, and several are local preachers. Cardiff, Bootle, Newport (Mon.), Wednesbury, and West Bromwich are the most important towns on the list.

Welsh Churchmen resident in England have during recent years been the object of enlarged attention from the Church, more especially in London, where the provision for Welsh services has increased fivefold in a comparatively short time. The Welsh Baptists are now showing a like zeal for the welfare of their co-religionists in England. A Welsh Baptist missionary has now been stationed at Middlesbrough, and missions have been conducted among the Welsh colonies in Durham.



MONUMENT IN STOKE PARK.

sake all who have any claim to belong to this neighbourhood are anxious to be buried here, wherever they may be; so that, as it is said, in this graveyard of a tiny village, there is a burial almost every week.

Close to the pretty lake, and not far away from the church, stands the old manor house. It is said to have been finished in 1555, and is also held to have been built by Henry, the third Earl of Huntingdon; but as Francis, second Earl, ruled at Stoke until his death in 1561; there would seem to be some "error in the bill." This is, at most, a nice point for the discussion of historians. Of more importance is the unbroken custom of a hundred years, which makes it impossible to mention the scene of "The Long Story" without quoting the famous description—

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdon and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing;
Rich windows that exclude the light
And passages that lead to nothing.

Unhappily, this pile of building, though it had all the beauties and many of the virtues, had also the besetting sin of old houses—it was damp; wherefore a little over a century ago all but one wing of it was pulled down, and its Italianate successor built on higher ground. Yet with this destruction the history of the manor house did not end; as, indeed, it had not begun with its building. Even now the remnant is being added to—is putting out feelers for a new growth: and it is known that Sir John Molines had a fortified house at Stoke in the fourteenth century, which was pretty clearly on this site.

Without, the remaining wing has all that should accompany old age in an English manor house: the tall chimneys of red brick, the gable-ends, the mullioned windows, and the wealth of ivy creeping round. And within, Gray's description of panels, windows, and passages is quite characteristic. Even in this fragment of the house, the passages from the fine banqueting-hall wander upstairs with a good deal of aimlessness; and the dark corners appear to have been built solely with a view to hide-and-seek. There are very interesting reminders of old habits and old appliances in the venerable smokejack, the "bread ovens"—whose system seems to the modern mind to require an infinite amount of quite unnecessary trouble and ingenuity. It is hardly requisite to say that so antique and historic a building possesses, or has possessed, a ghost.

A word—and one word only—for the great walled garden rich in fruit, whose wall bears the date of 1689; and for that historic flower-garden of Stoke, which was "laid out upon the principle of that by Mason in his poem called 'The English Garden.'" And, for an ending not ill-suited to the church and home and their memories, a bare mention of the almshouses built close to the church in 1557, by Lord Hastings of Loughborough, but removed to some little distance by one of the Penns in 1765. Here "one master, four poor men, and two poor women" were "forever to pray" for the soul of the pious founder and his ancestry.

EDWARD ROSE.



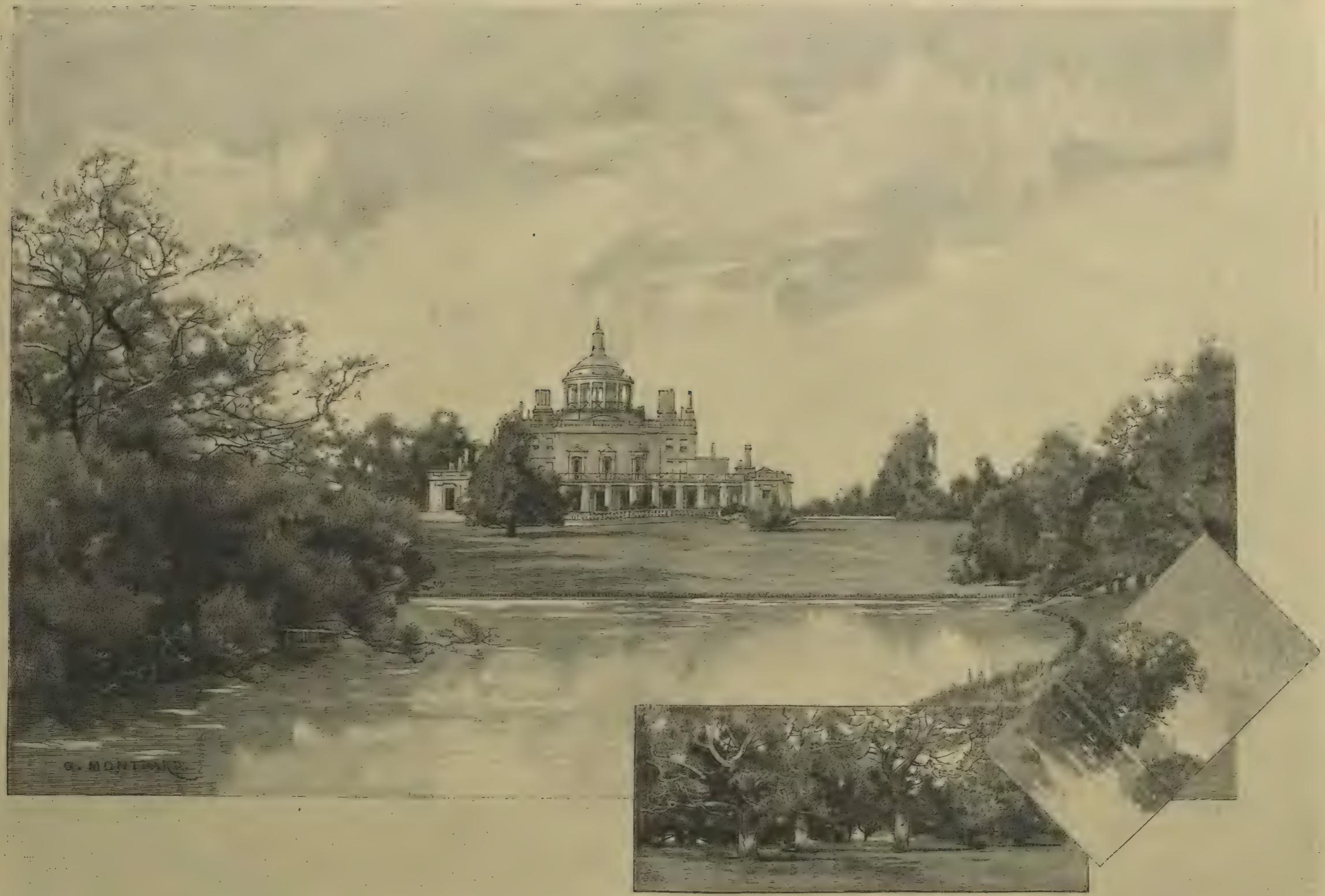
A VISTA FROM THE SUMMER-HOUSE, STOKE PARK.

ancient tower whence "the moping owl does to the moon complain," and whereon a modern spire has most unhappily been placed. It is pleasant to recall, in the churchyard or among its pews, each remembered line of the noble poem—to stand "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," to listen while—

Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.



STOKE PARK, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



ENGLISH HOMES: STOKE PARK.

IN THE PARK.

A CORNER OF THE LAKE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Next Wednesday, the 25th inst., Sir Henry Irving will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first production of the play that made him famous. Truly, Henry Irving had made a certain mark before he startled London with his impersonation of the Burgomaster Mathias, but with the exception of the dual part of Lesurques and Duboscq, and the title-role of Casimir Delavigne's "Louis XI.," Sir Henry has never done anything better than the portrayal of the haunted and finally conscience-stricken murderer of the Polish Jew. There have been plays in which the chief actor positively swamped the author, such as, for instance, "Robert Macaire," "Rip van Winkle," "Our American Cousin," and a dozen others I could name. In the case of these three pieces it was but justice. Frédéric Lemaître, Jefferson, and Sothern were, as actors, far greater than Benjamin Antier or the other two playwrights, whose names I do not even know, were as playwrights; and I am almost certain that the same might be said of Sir Henry and Erckmann-Chatrian.

Those who would object to this somewhat strong assertion of mine I would refer to Erckmann-Chatrian's subsequent stage productions. In spite of everything that has been written, "L'Ami Fritz" owed its success solely to MM. Febyre and Got, and to Mdlle. Reichenberg; "Les Rantzau" to MM. Got and Coquelin *ainé* and to Madame Baretta-Worms; "Madame Thérèse," at the Châtelet, was little short of a flat failure; and "Le Juif Polonais," produced at a minor Paris theatre a twelvemonth before the outbreak of the Franco-German War, was, although a success, not such a success as takes the world by storm.

I think that before "Le Juif Polonais" was produced at the Cluny Theatre, it was offered to the Comédie Française and declined. M. Coquelin assumed the rôle of Mathias afterwards, I believe, but I fancy he was not altogether uninfluenced by Henry Irving's success. Of one thing I feel, however, positive—i.e., a few years previously to the production of "Le Juif Polonais," Erckmann-Chatrian were not comparatively, but literally obscure.

In those days I used to see them frequently. There was then, and there is, I fancy, now, at the top of the Faubourg St. Denis, almost opposite the prison of St. Lazare, a *bier brauerei* as different from the new-fangled *brasserie* as was the old-fashioned coaching inn from the modern railway hotel. I went there now and then with a German friend of mine. Its habitués at that time were nearly all inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine, four-fifths of whom were employés of the Chemin de Fer de l'Est hard by. To the right on entering the principal room of "L'Espérance," in an angle made by the counter, there was a table occupied throughout the year by the self-same customers. The one was always addressed by everyone as "Monsieur le Chef de Bureau," the other as M. Erckmann. The latter was a "rotund" man with a bald head, a florid complexion, and bright eyes glistening behind gold spectacles, a thick moustache hiding his mouth like a curtain, and a double or triple and somewhat retreating chin.

His companion, "Monsieur le Chef de Bureau," was a startling contrast to him. Though not very tall, he looked lank. He had a swarthy face, dark brown hair growing low upon an intelligent forehead, a pair of restless eyes looking down upon a hooked nose, and a sensual upper lip adorned with a stubborn moustache. This was M. Chatrian. They spoke in low tones; both seemed of a contemplative turn of mind; M. Chatrian exchanged a few sentences now and then with a friend or acquaintance near him or sitting on the other side of the room; M. Erckmann rarely opened his lips, except to let out the smoke of his big pipe and to imbibe some of the contents of his bigger *seidel*. Both men were inveterate smokers; but Chatrian indulged in a cigar now and again; Erckmann uniformly stuck to his pipe.

They both enjoyed the greatest consideration in the place, for some of their works had already appeared then, and had been enthusiastically welcomed by their countrymen composing the *clientèle* of "L'Espérance": I doubt whether their fame had spread much wider. I say I doubt, lest some extraordinarily well-informed person might remind me that he had read their books then; but in my own mind I feel certain that these works had not caused the slightest sensation. At that period not a day passed but what I heard a discussion on books, and books by new authors who had made their mark could not have been mentioned in my hearing without attracting my attention. When I was told who the two sober and somewhat dejected-looking customers were, I inquired of a very well-known bookseller about their works, and was given to understand that "Les Contes Fantastiques" and "Les Confessions d'un Joueur de Clarinette," and one or two others by the same authors scarcely commanded a sale. I, nevertheless, bought them and enjoyed their perusal—I may frankly confess I enjoy their perusal now. It is not for the purpose of detracting from this early work of theirs that I have written these lines. But truth compels me to state that but for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, Erckmann-Chatrian would not have come to the fore as they did, in spite of the success of "Le Conscrit de 1813," which succeeded, not because it treated of Alsace, but because it dealt with the invasion of France.

But this part of Erckmann-Chatrian's history belongs to a different order of journalism, hence I will not treat of it here. As for the late Leopold Lewis, his adaptation was practically a translation. He deserves mention for the fact that but for him Henry Irving's popularity might have been longer in the coming. If proof of this were wanted, it would be found in Sir Henry's generous provision for him till the day of his death. Sir Henry considered, and rightly, that the finger-post on the road to fame, however meagre the information it conveys, should not be left to fall into decay after the wayfarer has reached a magnificent goal.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Since I alluded in this column some weeks gone by to the use of Nitragin, the new fertiliser for certain crops, I have been receiving letters from agriculturists and others asking for more specific information regarding this substance, and especially for the address of the firm which is said to prepare the fertilising material. It will be remembered that the subject of Nitragin was suggested by a reference to the question whether plants could use the nitrogen of the air as food. They demand a supply of this element, and, previous to the experiments of a few years ago, plants were regarded as obtaining their nitrogen from the soil. But in 1886 Hellriegel showed that the plants which could use the nitrogen of the air did so through the aid and assistance of certain curious nodules growing on their roots. These growths were found to contain specific bacteria or microbes, through whose special action the air-nitrogen was fixed and made available for the use of the plants to which they were attached. It is the leguminous plants (peas, beans, clovers, sainfoin, vetch, and the like) which stand forth prominently as the plants that can utilise the air-nitrogen for food; and an able article on "Nitragin" by Dr. J. Augustus Voelcker, printed in the "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society" (Vol. VII., Part II., No. 26, June 30, 1896), published at 3s. 6d. by Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, London, will afford instructive reading on this topic to all agriculturists.

Dr. Voelcker gives the address of the makers of Nitragin as the Farbenwerke (vormals Meister, Lucius, und Brüning), Höchst-on-the-Main, Germany. This firm prepares the cultivations of the microbes for farmers' use, and seventeen solutions are made, adapted for fertilising the soil for as many different species of the pea and bean tribe. Each bottle bears a special label, and half a bottle will inoculate half an acre of land. The cost is 2s. 6d. per bottle; so that inoculation will cost 5s. per acre. The German name for the inoculating material is Impfdünger für Leguminosen "Nitragin"—inoculating material for leguminous plants. Dr. Voelcker's experience of the use of Nitragin is, on the whole, favourable, and a paper by Dr. Miller, published in the number of the journal which contains Dr. Voelcker's article, should also be read by farmers who may desire to give the method of soil-inoculation a trial. The whole topic is of intense practical interest to agriculturists all the world over, and I am glad to be able to refer my readers to exact sources of information regarding these new experiments. The argument in favour of technical education was never better illustrated than by a topic such as that before us. The German practice in this direction shows clearly enough how true advance in commerce and agriculture is dependent on the scientific education of the units engaged in such pursuits. Our County Councils may well favour technical instruction, for it is the one panacea for the evils of depressed trade and declining commerce which promises well, and which is attainable at a cost relatively trifling when we consider the great gain represented by making our farmers and operatives understand clearly the nature of the processes they employ.

Sir W. Roberts, M.D., in a most interesting work on dietetics, gave to the world his researches on the influence of certain food-adjuncts on the digestive processes. He found that while digestion (in the stomach), taking a normal time of 100 minutes, was not affected by 5 per cent. of brandy, whisky, or gin in the digesting mixture, 10 per cent. delayed it 15 minutes, 20 per cent. 35 minutes, 30 per cent. 80 minutes, and 40 per cent. 300 minutes, while 50 per cent. gave as a result "almost no digestion" at all. He remarks how slight is the effect of alcohol on stomach digestion. Five per cent. of sherry delayed stomach digestion by 15 minutes, and 5 per cent. of port did not affect it at all. Ten per cent. of hock and claret had no effect in delaying the process; while 5 per cent. of champagne actually quickened it to 90 minutes, in place of the normal 100. Light English table-beer (at 5 per cent. in the digesting mixture as before) had no effect at all, and for lager beer the same result holds good. Burton ale delayed the process 15 minutes at 5 per cent., and at 10 per cent. by 40 minutes. Ten per cent. of light ale and lager beer arrested digestion only by some 15 minutes. Tea and coffee of 5 per cent. strength, and added to the extent of 10 per cent. to the food, delayed digestion 5 minutes; 15 per cent. strength of coffee delayed it 60 minutes.

These results only deal with digestion in the stomach. Digestion in the mouth and in the intestine are different processes, and have to be separately considered. Sir W. Roberts argues philosophically that the use of alcohol in retarding digestion is not necessarily injurious. The too rapid and too easy digestion of civilised life, brought about by our cooking and food-preparing devices, may be an evil. When the processes of turning our food into ourselves are slowed down, we benefit by the more thorough assimilation of our food. The digestive fires have to be "damped down" in order to insure the economical use of food. We must use coal in place of straw for the digestive furnace. Certain experiments carried out at Yale University for the report of the New York Committee engaged in investigating the liquor problem in that city (or State) confirm Sir W. Roberts's views. I presume digestion in the stomach constituted the special field of inquiry; and on this assumption I find Drs. Chittenden and Mendel, of Yale, telling us that whisky, for example, only retards the action of the gastric juice when taken in immoderate and intoxicating amounts. Increase in digestive action to the extent of from 3 to 5 per cent. was noted in three cases in which additions of whisky (1 to 3 per cent.) were made; and whisky, rum, and gin gave the same results. The retarding influences were also noted at Yale. These results are noteworthy because (pace the abstainers) they show that, used at meals, alcohol is by no means the base creature certain persons would have us to believe it to be. Indeed, for reasonable persons, the true solution of the alcohol question would seem to be that of according to it a very distinct place in the list of food-adjuncts. Not a food itself, it may materially assist food-assimilation.

LITERATURE.

A "QUARTERLY" EDITOR.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

Mr. Andrew Lang's *Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart* (John C. Nimmo) is not only a conscientiously thorough, but an amiable and readable piece of work; a solid addition to our biographical literature. Mr. Lang had a considerable quantity of unpublished material at his command; but he has by no means confined himself to editing and annotation. He has examined with the utmost diligence into many complex and difficult matters—notably, into the question of Lockhart's share in the early misdeeds of *Miga*, into the history of the duel between Christie and John Scott, and into the controversy called forth by Lockhart's treatment of the Ballantynes in his *Life of Scott*—and on all such points he writes with no less judgment than knowledge. His gratitude to the author of our second great biography predisposes him, no doubt, in Lockhart's favour; but at no point can his leniency be said to pass over into partisanship. It is a curious freak of fortune that Mr. Lang, who is constitutionally averse from that order of criticism which he calls *éreinement*—in the vernacular, "slating"—should figure as the advocate of a critic who has hitherto been classed, plausibly if not quite justly, as a ringleader of the "savage and tartarly" faction. May it not be that the fact points to a flaw in Mr. Lang's theory, and shows that, within due limits, "slating" has its indispensable function in the economy of the literary world? In the first place, what author would not prefer an open, fair-and-square, reasoned and responsible "slating" to the studied silence or adroitly irresponsible sneer which is so apt to be the alternative? In the second place, though criticism can indeed do little or nothing to check popular infatuations, it can at least bring comfort and assurance to the remnant who instinctively decline to bend the knee to Baal. Furthermore, though it cannot stay the onrush of a mania, it can do something to restrict its ravages. Sane criticism having uttered its protest in no uncertain voice, the reputation of this flaccid metro-monger and that rampageous romancer will, when the hot fit is over, die softly and swiftly away, instead of lingering on, perhaps, through decades or centuries. The point is very well stated by Lord Stanhope (Lord Mahon) in a letter quoted by Mr. Lang—

In literature and politics Mr. Lockhart has been very frequently censured as too bitter. So far as regards the literary field, he was convinced that, like other fields into which crowds are pressing, it requires a police, that a warning voice should keep it clear, so far as possible, of impudent pretence as well as of shallow ignorance. That duty had been discharged in a spirit of stern justice by Mr. Gifford and Lord Jeffrey. It was no less needful in Mr. Lockhart's time; and the keen weapon of ridicule, which they knew so well how to wield, shone as bright in Mr. Lockhart's hands.

It is true that the policeman of letters, like the "intelligent officer" of everyday life, will sometimes make mistakes; his evidence is not infrequently overruled in the court of Justice Time. But it would be the veriest Dogberryism to abstain from all effort in the cause of decency and sense, merely because human nature is fallible. "If you meet a thief," said the Chief Constable of Messina, "you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them the more is for your honesty." Who knows but that, if Macaulay had acted on this principle, Robert Montgomery might to this day have held a niche in our poetical Pantheon—not read, of course, but reverenced? Do not Pollock, and others of his kidney, linger on in a sort of spectral classicality, because, apparently, they never found their Macaulay? Nothing is more noxious, indeed, than the criticism which has only discouragement for rising genius, and reserves its plaudits exclusively for the dead. But this narrow surliness is a very different thing from the criticism which can be no less generous in praise than emphatic in censure. The wise critic, surely, is not he who devotes himself either to praise or blame, but he who keeps his perceptions keen and his sense of perspective alert.

Mr. Lang suggests somewhere that Lockhart's attitude towards Keats was due to a general distaste for romantic poetry. This seems a hard saying of the son-in-law of Scott and the translator of the "Spanish Ballads." So improbable, indeed, does it appear that I fancy I must have misunderstood Mr. Lang; and I cannot find the reference. Whatever his words may be, it occurred to me as I read the passage that perhaps what Lockhart lacked was in reality the sense for that *écriture artiste* of which Keats was our first great master—great though imperfect—since Milton. Lockhart preferred straightforward strength and impetus of style to elaborate chasing and jewelling; he was intent on draughtsmanship, and almost resented colour. That is, roughly speaking, my theory of the matter, which has the advantage of accounting at the same time for his somewhat churlish treatment of Tennyson. Though, with Mr. Lang, I "rank Lord Tennyson at least the peer of the highest" of this century, I cannot help delighting, as he does, in a gem of quiet raillery in Lockhart's review of the "Poems" of 1833—

In "The Palace of Art" Mr. Tennyson had this sufficiently paralysing verse—

Isaiah with fierce Ezekiel,
Swarth Moses by the Coptic Sea;
Plato, Petrarcha, Livy and Raphael,
And eastern Confucze.

Lockhart makes the following strictures:—"We can hardly suspect the very original mind of Mr. Tennyson to have harboured any recollection of the celebrated Doric idyll 'The Groves of Blarney,' but certainly there is a strong resemblance between Mr. Tennyson's list of pictures and the Blarney collection of statues—

Statues growing that noble place in,
All heathen goddesses most rare;
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air."

This is true humour and sound criticism.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

With the exception of the pages which are filled with needless details of vain search after health in the last three years of his eventful life, the biography of *Joseph Thomson, African Explorer* (Sampson Low and Co.) is concisely told by his brother, the Rev. J. B. Thomson. Possessing materials for the filling of two volumes, he has wisely compressed them into one. Thomson was a born explorer. While he was in his early teens he begged his father and mother to let him volunteer for service in the expedition for the relief of Livingstone. But better things were in store for him. Trained in the austere and healthy fashion which has put the Scot in the van of every form of enterprise, and qualified by his successful career at Edinburgh University, his credentials won him appointment, before he was twenty, as geologist and naturalist to the Keith Johnston Expedition to the Central African Lakes in 1877. Johnston's death at the outset caused the command of the caravan to fall on Thomson, and the expedition, headed by a mere stripling, was a triumph from start to finish. This encouraged the Geographical Society to entrust him with the perilous business of penetrating Masai Land, a hornet's nest of ferocious, marauding warriors. He led his caravan, composed of the rascaldom of Zanzibar, into the heart of the country, not firing a shot against the foe, and not losing a life, except from illnesses that no care could avert. By tact and gentleness, into which firmness ever entered, by humaneness and humour—as when he won repute as a "medicine man" by removing his (false) teeth—he traversed thousands of miles, and mixed with barbaric peoples, leaving no trail of blood in his wake, and fingered no man's gold or carrying off his ivory. When, with some reluctance, he undertook quasi-commercial duties, as in the journey to the Niger Hinterland, where he concluded treaties with the great chiefs of Sokoto and Gando, he made these labours subordinate to the ingathering of knowledge of the physical nature of the country and of the social condition of the tribes. All his narratives teem with information on these and allied topics, but since they go the way of most books of travel, the biographer has done wisely in supplying summaries of their contents. These, with the help of the maps showing Thomson's various routes, and of a few well-chosen illustrations, make an interesting feature of a life-record which his friends will read with melancholy interest, and which the public, that knows so little what service to the empire and to humanity men of Thomson's type render, may read with advantage.

An Impossible Person. By Constance Cotterell. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The "impossible person" is the heroine, Elizabeth, from early girlhood the lover of Lucas, and afterwards his wife. One hopes, for all that, that she is the only possible person in the book; and, indeed, she seems to be a very probable one. Such, we think, is Miss Cotterell's own opinion; and very sympathetic is her delineation of her heroine, especially in the early days of her hardly concealed devotion to her father's visitor. The egoism which allowed him to say nice things that cost him nothing, and her everything, is also excellently sketched. The day came when he said, "I'm going to kiss you"; and he was as good or as bad as his word. "Little Elizabeth shut her eyes. Her face was transparently white. She thought he could hear her heart thumping. It was an agony to be kissed by him because she adored him." Other agony was hers as the days and years passed away. The visitor went away and forgot Elizabeth. But Elizabeth never forgot him; and when he came again and found her grown into a beauty he knew the difference. But it was not that which melted him into a marriage with her. It was the absence of that clever manager, his sister, and the disarrangement of his kitchen. Elizabeth could look after the cook; so he led her to the altar. The bride began her life of disillusion in her London home. His sister returned, and her verdict on his wife, for which he waited grovelingly, was, "An impossible person." She, if anybody, was impossible by that speech of hers behind Elizabeth's back, as well as in her cold bearing before Elizabeth's face. The husband, who had always been bored by his wife's devotion, at last feels he is made ridiculous by it—even at his club. Naturally, being what he is, he lets Elizabeth know it; and that knowledge is the death of her. Miss Cotterell has a fine touch; and she takes her reader captive from the first page to the last.

Let us hope that Mr. Augustus Hare's *The Story of My Life* (three vols., George Allen) may not fall into the hands of a French critic, and cause the enemies of England to blaspheme. There is hardly a single eccentricity—stupid, brutal, or hypocritical—with which our cynical neighbours credit us in their caricatures that is not exemplified in the character or conduct of Mr. Hare's connections. We start with the ancestress who pulled down Hurstmonceaux Castle through jealous hatred of her step-sons, that would have inherited it. From her we pass on to a grandmother—the dearest old lady in the world, according to Mr. Hare—who bullied her husband's curates brutally, boxed the ears of that aged divine himself occasionally, and thus taught the Sunday-school girls to sing hymns: "After the curates came the school-girls to practise their singing, and my mother was set down to strum the piano by the hour together as an accompaniment, while Grannie occupied herself in seeing that they opened their mouths wide enough, dragging the mouths open by force, and, if they would not sing properly, putting her fingers so far down their throats that she made them sick." We are happy to say that one village Hampden bit the dear old lady's finger to the bone. Though, according to Mr. Hare, she was absolutely devoted to the husband whose ears she boxed, she was continually rehearsing for his benefit the life of grandeur she would lead in London after she had got rid of him. "Grannie had taught Richard, the young footman, to give a 'London knock'—it was well he should be prepared. One day the party sitting in the drawing-room were astonished to see the family carriage drive up to the door with Spragg the butler on the box. 'I was only seeing how Spragg will look as coachman when your Grandpapa is dead,' said Grannie, and Grandpapa looked on at the arrangements and enjoyed them heartily." From this dear old lady we pass to the hero's father, who made all Europe ring with his eccentricities; to his mother,

who thus answered her sister's application for her last baby—the author—to be given up to her wholly: "My dear Maria, how very kind of you! Yes, certainly; the baby shall be sent as soon as it is weaned; and if anyone else would like one, would you kindly recollect that we have others?" From her we pass to the author's uncle, the famous Archdeacon Julius, a most repellent saint, but yet an angel compared with his wife, F. D. Maurice's sister, who poses and is accepted as a Puritan pietist, yet acts as an incarnate fiend. She hangs the child's cat only because he loved it; shuts the nervous boy up in the vestry among horror-haunted tombs between the church services; breaks open his mother's cabinet and burns invaluable documents through sheer devilry; yet lives and dies in the odour of Puritan sanctity. When, however, you have got through the first volume, you wake out of a nightmare to find yourself in the pleasant company whom Mr. Hare chose for himself, instead of in that of relatives who were thrust upon him by an unkindly fortune. You get glimpses, always characteristic, and often most interesting, of Landor, Jowett, Dean Stanley, F. D. Maurice, Ruskin, Brougham, Mrs. Grote, etc., while there are numberless thrilling stories—ghost or other—for the most part new.

Having battled with *The Seven Seas* (Methuen), Mr. Kipling has become older and bolder by experience. His new volume of verse is a distinct advance on its predecessor. Not that he has widened his horizon very much; but he has voyaged over the old ground with more daring; his outlook has become keener, his touch firmer. Most of the contents of this volume have been read by us all before, but you are able to judge their quality best in the aggregate. That quality is Mr. Kipling's own. His book without a suspicion is primarily a bundle of ideas, worked out in various aspects; that is why one can return to his work again and again with renewed interest. The Imperial idea is there, strong, trenchant, and poignant in a way that removes the reproach of petty Jingoism. He has written a series of sagas on England the sea power, England the conqueror, and written them again and again with the conviction of a prophet, and let it be confessed, with the bloodthirsty force of the Psalmist. England is great. That is the theme; not whining over a past tense. To-day is ours, and it is full of poetry. Whitman did that long ago in his own way, but his method, as with all pioneers, sounded only grotesque. No English poet has touched the same Whitman note as Mr. Kipling. It rings in every line of the splendid hymn chanted by M'Andrews, the Scots engineer, as he watches his boilers and his pistons and his dynamos, joining the chorus of "Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline." It rises triumphantly to drown Mr. Lang in the ballad of "The King." "Romance, Sir," sighs one, "never run to catch his train; but passed with coach and guard and horn." But the optimist shouts loudly—

Confound Romance! . . . And all unseein
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

All this is part and parcel of the marching song of the lofty Imperialism and the inspiring optimism of Mr. Kipling, stronger and more insistent than before. That strength merges almost into brutality when it is put in the mouth of Tommy Atkins in the "Barrack-room Ballads" which close the book. They are masterpieces—our only soldier-songs. Here, for once, is Tommy with all his sordidness; and yet so intensely human that he remains in the ranks of romance. You find the double aspect wrought out with consummate skill in the ballad of the Marines—

We're most of us liars, we're 'arf of us thieves,

An' the rest are as rank as can be.

That is one side of the picture, and the mole-eyed critic stops there. Not so Mr. Kipling; for—

Whether it's Widow, or whether it's ship,
Victorier's work is to do.
An' they done it, the Jollies—'Er Majesty's
Jollies—soldier an' sailor too.

"The Seven Seas" is one of the strongest books of a genuinely popular kind that has been written by an Englishman for many a day. We have no lack of unconventional books; but nearly every one of these authors is merely playing at being a naughty child and becomes nasty—nothing more. Mr. Kipling may shock you: but he is never nasty. He is essentially a strong man, and becoming more sure of his audience, he has made "The Seven Seas" stronger than any verse he has hitherto given us.

The title of Dr. Byington's elaborate volume, *The Puritan in England and New England* (Sampson Low), sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents. He is an American cleric writing for his countrymen, and English readers have not much to learn from him respecting the Puritan in Old England. But those of them who feel any curiosity respecting the history and biography of New England Puritanism will find it amply satisfied by Dr. Byington, who has studied the subject carefully. He gives a copious account of the settlement of the Puritans in New England, and of their religious, political, and social life, from the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers in the famous *Mayflower*, to the last half of the eighteenth century. For English readers the section devoted to "the Family and Social Life of the Puritans" is the most attractive of the volume; and it is interesting to be told on such unexceptionable authority that a very correct view of that life is given in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish." One rather curious trait of the Puritan settlers, earlier and later, in New England was that they transferred to the new country some of the class distinctions of Old England. Of the 150 or so of the Pilgrim Fathers who sailed in the *Mayflower*, only six were allowed the prefix of "Mr." to their names. Among the much more numerous Puritan emigrants who some years afterwards founded the colony of Massachusetts Bay, only a few enjoyed the prefixes of "Mr." or "Mrs." which were given exclusively to those who had been gentlefolks in England, and to ministers, physicians, and their wives. Persons who were below "the condition of gentility" and above that of servants were addressed as "Goodman" and "Goodwife." Among the punishments awarded by the Board of Massachusetts in 1631 to a certain Josias Plastow, who had stolen corn from the Indians, was that he should be addressed as plain Josias, without the prefix "Mr.," to which he had been entitled.



A SWEET OLD LEGEND.—BY H. WINDSOR FRY.



MADAME JEANNE PAQUIN.

DRESS AND DRAPERY.

There are few of our readers, who, when contemplating a run over to Paris, do not consider that a new gown, or robe, or mantle is the first thing to be looked after, and there are fewer still who do not connect those articles of ladies' attire with one or other of the world-renowned establishments where such articles are to be obtained in the highest stage of perfection and in the very newest style. Famous among these establishments is the Maison Paquin et Cie., in the Rue de la Paix, which is now all the rage among the leaders of fashion, having attained a reputation second to none in that particular line in the French capital. This is no doubt due to the great and exceptional taste of the proprietors of the business, Monsieur and Madame Paquin, who within a very few years have not only created the establishment, but have carried it on with such continued and increasing success that the net profits for the current year are put at no less a figure than 1,500,000f. or £60,000.

The houses in the Rue de la Paix in which the business is carried on are remarkable for their elegant equipment, and for their complete appropriateness to the extensive work of the establishment, which requires a staff of employés numbering more than six hundred to keep pace with the demands upon its resources. Yet these demands attain day by day greater and greater proportions, particularly from countries other than France—notably Great Britain and the United States—so much so as to call urgently for the establishment of a branch house in London. We learn with pleasure, in which our lady readers will doubtless join, that handsome premises have been secured at 39, Dover Street, W., for this purpose, where it will be possible in future to obtain the much sought-for Paquin novelties, which, to a great extent, set the fashion as each season comes round. So great an extension of the business requires its conversion into a joint stock undertaking; an English limited liability company has therefore been formed for continuing the Paris establishment, and extending its operations to London. 50,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, and 166,667 Ordinary Shares of £1 each are now offered for public subscription; £100,000 of shares being specially applicable to the provision of working capital.

The existing net revenue of the business is four times more than

enough to pay the 6 per cent. dividends on the Preference Shares, which are a first charge on the whole undertaking, as there are no Debentures or other prior charges. They thus form an unusually well-secured investment, but to make "assurance doubly sure," £75,000 in French Rentes and English Consols deposited with the bankers of the company in London further guarantee the due and full

payment of the Six per Cent. Preference dividends. Moreover, 20 per cent. of the surplus net profits are to be applied in the formation of a Reserve Fund until reserve and working capital amount to £250,000, a sum sufficient to cover the entire Preference Share capital. After payment of the 6 per cent. dividends on the Preferred Shares, and the provision of the Reserve Fund, the present profits

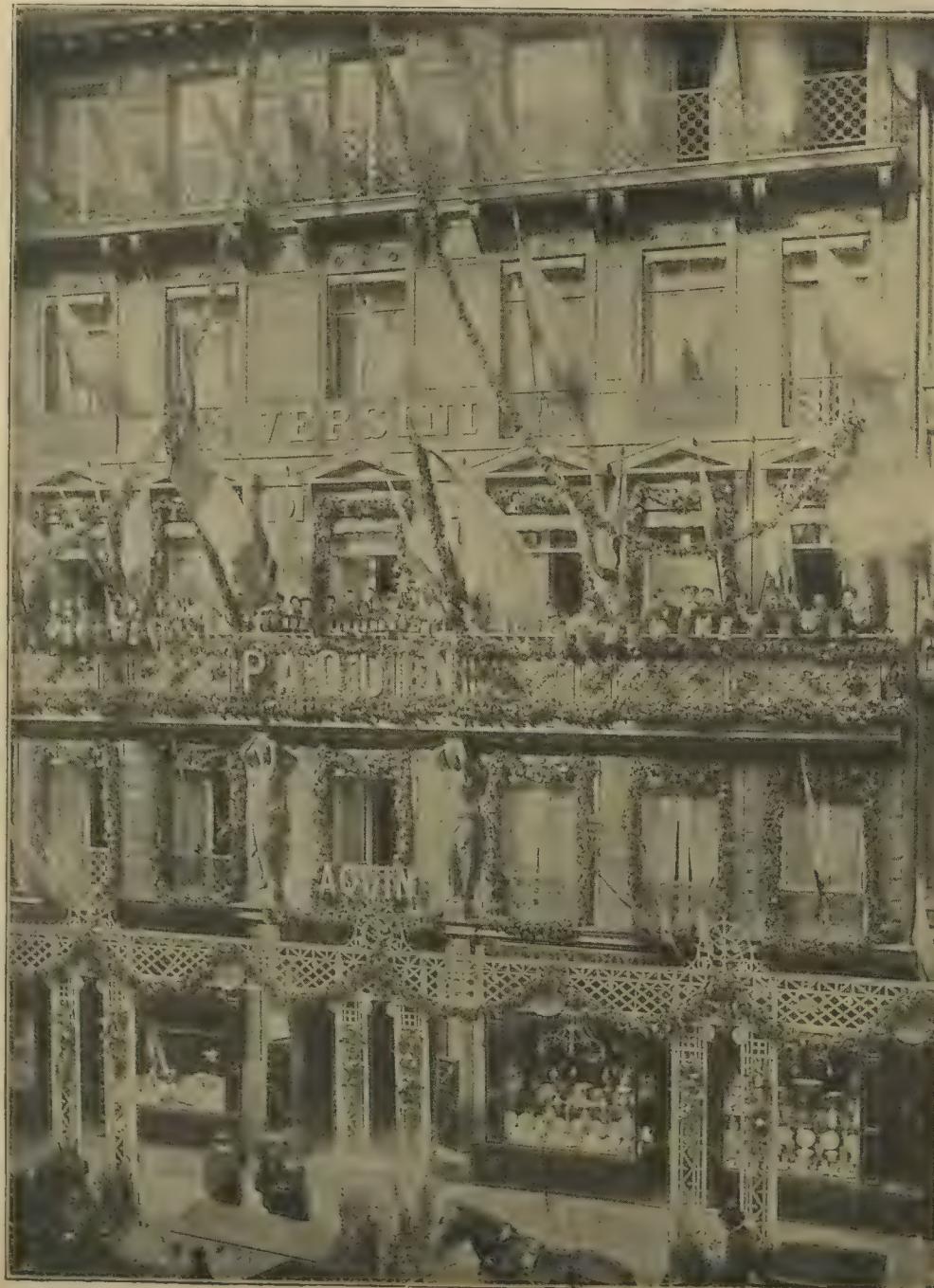
of the business show fully 12 per cent. for dividend on the Ordinary Shares; in all probability this will be largely increased by the extensions now in progress. Monsieur and Madame Paquin remain, of course, at the head of affairs as hitherto. It will be seen from their portraits, which are here taken from recent photographs by Reutlinger, that they are both in their prime, and capable of devoting their whole energies and reserve of talent to continuing the affairs of the company with even greater success than has attended their efforts from the very commencement of the business. Such is their confidence in that greater success that they retain a large holding in Ordinary Shares of the company, and they also make the major part of their remuneration dependent upon the payment of at least 10 per cent. dividends on the Ordinary Shares after payment of the 6 per cent. Preferred dividends and the provision of the Reserve Fund. This constitutes the best possible guarantee for the maintenance of the business at its present high standard. Another feature which indicates further the safe character of the undertaking as an investment and the care exercised in the methods of doing business is that the bad debts have been less than 2 per cent. on the amount of sales. This feature is supplemented by the fact that the Directors are all practical men of business, already conducting highly successful industrial enterprises, headed by Mr. John Barker (of John Barker and Co., Kensington), as chairman, supported by Mr. Alderman Newton, chairman of Harrod's, and Mr. James Bailey, M.P., director of D. H. Evans and Co., Limited.

It only remains for us to congratulate our lady readers upon having the opportunity afforded to them of procuring the famous Paquin gowns without having to cross the Channel, and to wish Monsieur and Madame Paquin, and Paquin, Limited, in their new London enterprise, the success which they merit.

[For Prospectus, see a page preceding frontispiece.]



M. ISIDORE PAQUIN.



PARIS ESTABLISHMENT OF PAQUIN, LIMITED.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

As a companion, probably, to a recent book on *Twelve Bad Men*, an ingenious publisher advertises a work on *Twelve Bad Women*. When women are bad, no doubt they are very bad, yet it is not easy to guess who the twelve wicked ladies are to be. Monsters like Mrs. Brownrigg, "who whipped three female apprentices to death and hid them in the coal-hole," or like Mrs. Manning the murderer, are really not worth writing about. They are of no historical interest or importance; they are vulgar even in their villainy. Again, the typical bad woman is usually bad in a way at once monotonous and not particularly "fit for publication."

Messalina was, by all accounts, a very improper female, but when we have said that, the more we add the less edifying we become. Amurath to Amurath succeeds in the list of her lovers, as in the list of the Lesbia dear to Cattullus, and the less said the better. An imperial Moll Flanders may, no doubt, be a bad woman, but so far her biography is not a work to be contemplated as worth attempting.

Thus the historian finds his field of vice narrowing around him. If he is to select ladies of some importance and originality in "epoch-making" guilt, he does not discover many. Even their claims are disputed. M. Renan (out of sheer desire to annoy) tried to whitewash Ahab, and no doubt many advanced people would protest that Jezebel was not a bad woman. True, she rouged, and robbed Naboth of his vine-yard, and preferred the prophets of smooth things to the puritanical harangues of Elijah. But we only read her enemies' account of Jezebel, just as we have only the Lancastrian versions of the history of Richard III. Horace Walpole, Mr. Clements Markham, and others do not feel at all convinced of Richard's enormities, and perhaps we should not condemn Jezebel as worse than a kind of female Henry II., getting the worst of it in a contest with a Semitic Thomas à Becket.

This is by no means my own theory of Jezebel's case; but she was brought up at a luxurious heathen Court, her education was against her, and her misfortunes appeal to our sympathies. Thus it does not seem quite safe to introduce Jezebel, or even Herodias, among twelve typical female ruffians.

Similar reasoning may be applied in the case of Eleanor, who poisoned Fair Rosamond. Though not herself exactly a pattern of female virtue, still Eleanor had received a good deal of provocation. All married women know how very trying girls can be, and, possibly, we should also make

some allowances for the she-wolf of France, the wife of Edward II. Edward was a husband of an execrable type. The she-wolf, on the whole, hardly deserves a niche among the twelve worst of her sex, nor does Isabeau of Bavaria, whose husband was mad, and so could not look after her conduct.

Mary Tudor, Mary Stuart, and Queen Elizabeth all have partisans who would gladly place them among the wicked. But others regard them as, respectively, saints, martyrs, and patriots. There is no knowing how to please everybody. Catherine de' Medici is quite satisfactory, to my taste, as a really bad woman; but even she has admirers.

Brinilliers at worst an hysterical patient, and La Voisin and Locusta the victims of ignorant calumny.

I write in Glencoe, one of the most beautiful valleys in the beautiful West Highlands. Macaulay gave the place a bad name; I presume he saw it on a wet day, or thought it a less crime in a Whig to massacre people who lived in a desolate spot. The Coo is as clear as the Itchen; the loch lies a sheet of silver washed with gold; the inhabitants are an industrious populace, great as Volunteers, full of old traditions, and not too incredulous about the second sight. They call wraiths *spiorid na'n biod*, "spirits of the living," a class of phantasms very powerful among the hills. In the loch is a funereal isle, the isle of St. Mun, all paved with gravestones, some marked only with a two-handed sword, and some Celtic patterns. In the roofless chapel someone sat once to brave a ghost; the ghost chased him out, and I was shown the finger-marks of this robust spectre on either side of the doorway. Boding lightshines here at night sometimes, but there seem to be differences of opinion as to their real significance.

Up the glen did Allan Breck and David Balfour escape after the Appin murder. But you will look in vain for the big stone on the top of which they "burstled" or toasted in the sun. As to their famous leap over the linn, it was quite needless; they could easily have forded the burn at a hundred places. Otherwise the scene is very like the description in "Kidnapped," the big, steep, weather-worn stumps of hills frowning all around.

There is a large standing stone in a meadow beside the village. They say that the soldiers were sworn to tell no one about the intended massacre in King William's time; but one soldier, keeping his oath, said aloud to the stone: "Stone, if I were you I would be out of the glen tonight." And they say that many took the hint, though the old Chief of Glencoe refused to

believe evil of his murderous guests. It is a great place for long life, and one man, at least, knew in his youth a Macdonald who fought for the King over the water. On a stone in the Isle of St. Mun is the queerest rude group, in low relief, of a Mackenzie cutting down a trooper at Prestonpans. The hero has the shortest legs that ever I saw in any work of art, ancient or modern. Indeed, it is a very fine place, Glencoe, and a fine Celtic cross commemorates the massacre. That a Danish spectre, a Viking in armour, hangs about near Ballachulish I was very credibly informed. He must have lingered round the spot ever since a battle at the ferry, some eight or nine hundred years ago; and the interesting fact is that his dress, as described by an eye-witness, is archaeologically correct. Perhaps he is watching over a gold corselet like that beautiful example from Wales in the British Museum.



A BACCHANTE.—BY A. BOMPIANI.

Thus one does not see where a round dozen of female malefactors are to be found, though I could readily name several living women—none of them in custody—who have pretty valid pretensions. Not being in the secret of the ingenious author of "Twelve Bad Women," I feel sure, none the less, that he will select only one of my heroines—namely, Catherine de' Medici. Probably he will vote for Lucrezia Borgia; but that lady, too, has her defenders.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to reflect that we could all fill rooms with the names of Good Women, dead and alive; for them we need not hunt in Merovingian annals, or painfully racking our memories, at the risk of being told that Madame de Pompadour was an enlightened stateswoman, Madame du Barry a good fond creature, Madame de

ON FEEDING THE PEOPLE.

The times are somewhat changed since Wilhelm von Humboldt declared that the greatest benefactor to mankind was he who made two ears of corn grow where one grew before, for, in our altered conditions, with the vast majority of our people crowded into cities, the form of our food is no less a consideration than the quantity in which it is produced. When we could grow our wheat in our own fields, cart it to the mill and wait while it was ground, and straightway make loaves and eat, then things were different, for we had time in which to do them. Now we must get our food from afar, and have it in the most concentrated form, always at hand, always ready.

Science has not thought it beneath her to help in solving the problem "How to feed the people," and some of her most honoured sons have devoted the most patient labours to this matter, whilst commercial enterprise has followed smartly in their wake.

A RECORD FIRE.

Imagine a kitchen where a quarter of a million tons of coal have been burned since the fire was first lighted, thirty years ago. Picture to yourself 12,000 to 15,000 head of cattle, all "fine four-year-olds," slaughtered every week during the season, in the cool of the morning. To realise this, imagine 2000 oxen driven through a London street every day in the week.

But this takes place not in London streets, but through the rich pastures along the banks of the river Plate, where are established at Fray Bentos, surrounded by 1,250,000 acres of grazing fields, the great works of the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company.

Those who have visited this wonderful factory have been strongly impressed, not alone by its magnitude, but by the perfection of all its arrangements, sanitary and mechanical. The machinery, upon which over £500,000 has been spent, is of the most modern and efficient kind. The hands are well paid (the wage bill during the season exceeds the rate of £200,000 per annum), and are under an able manager; fresh air, fresh water, and cleanliness in all departments are the order of the day—and every day.

None but perfectly sound and healthy cattle are ever slaughtered, and every parcel of the Extract has to undergo the most searching tests and analyses by the highest authorities on three separate occasions before it reaches the public. There is nothing left to chance in the strict régime which obtains in every department of this Company. They grow the grass, they rear their cattle, they make the Extract, they test the Extract, and they sell the Extract.

As is well known, Baron Liebig was the first scientific director of the Liebig Company, and though he made

public his original discovery, it was afterwards perfected at the Liebig Company's Works, and hence the unique quality of the Company's Extract. It is never found almost liquid one day and "stodgy" another, and quality is a point which our cooks know best how to appreciate.

THE COOK'S MAINSTAY.

The uses to which this Extract can be put are innumerable. One realises, somewhat, the assistance rendered by science to everyday life, when one

thinks how indispensable articles of this sort have now become to hospitals, doctors, nurses, soup-kitchens, hotels, armies, explorers, mountaineers, athletes, and even the ordinary household. The chief demand is unquestionably in the kitchen, for enriching and flavouring soups, sauces, and made dishes, and the Liebig Company deserve the gratitude of householders for the open-handed way in which they have given, and still give, cookery books to all who ask for them, with information as to the varied manner in which the Extract may be employed.

It is still the first in the field for making the evening cup of beef-tea, and is a boon to the poor as well as the rich for this purpose, because beef-tea made from Extract costs so little, owing to its perfect concentration.

A RECORD OF CUSTOMERS.

Is it nourishing? As in popularity, so also in nutritive value it even exceeds its great inventor's anticipations, for



MR. GUNTHER, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMPANY.

since the days of Liebig the rapid progress in analytical processes and new discoveries as to the laws of nutrition go to prove that Liebig's Extract is both nutritious and stimulating. There is, moreover, nothing like experience; the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and, when one considers that the Company have a *clientèle* in countries with a population of some 900,000,000, there is no getting away from such overwhelming testimony to its value as a maintainer of health, an invigorator for great exertion and endurance, and a proved friend in sickness.

INCREASING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

And so, in spite of the thousand and one articles which have sprung into existence since its introduction, this

be one who does not, he proclaims himself as behind the times.

TO CYCLISTS AND TOURISTS.

The peculiarly concentrated form of the Liebig Company's Extract is one of its great recommendations, as a two oz. jar takes up but little room in the knapsack of bicyclist or tourist, and furnishes about sixteen cups of excellent beef-tea, which can be readily made in a few moments at any road-side inn, and renders him independent of everything but hot water. It takes ten lb. of beef to fill a quarter-lb. jar with extract, so there should be some strength in it. All climbers are familiar with the little blue signature jars so often seen on the rough tables of Alpine huts; and even for short tours, where weight and bulk are always of consequence, such a *multum in parvo* is a sort of pocket ministering angel.

MR. H. M. STANLEY,

in his work "Through Darkest Africa," gives an instance of the marvellous effect of a little Extract on one of the native carriers stricken down by the intensely cold rain—

"On the 22nd, soon after the advance had reached camp, a cold and heavy shower of rain fell, which demoralised many in the column; their failing energies and their impoverished systems were not proof against cold. Mahdis and Zanzibaris dropped their loads in the road and rushed helter-skelter for the camp. One Mahdi managed to crawl near my tent, wherein a candle was lit, for in a rainstorm the forest, even in daylight, is as dark as on an ordinary night in the grassland. Hearing him groan, I issued out with the candle and found the naked body rigid in the mud, unable to move. As he saw the candle-flame his eyes dilated widely, and he attempted to grasp it with his hands. He was at once borne to a fire and laid within a few inches of it, and, with the addition of a pint of hot broth made from the Liebig Company's Extract of Meat, we restored him to his senses."

SUCCESS SECURED.

If the Liebig Company have benefited the public by their labours, it must be admitted that they have also benefited their shareholders. These shares, which were once at a discount, are now dealt in at 250 per cent. premium, and each holder of three original shares has received a free gift of one share, £20 fully paid, which shares are dealt in at £70 today. The Company has also paid £2,000,000 in dividends.

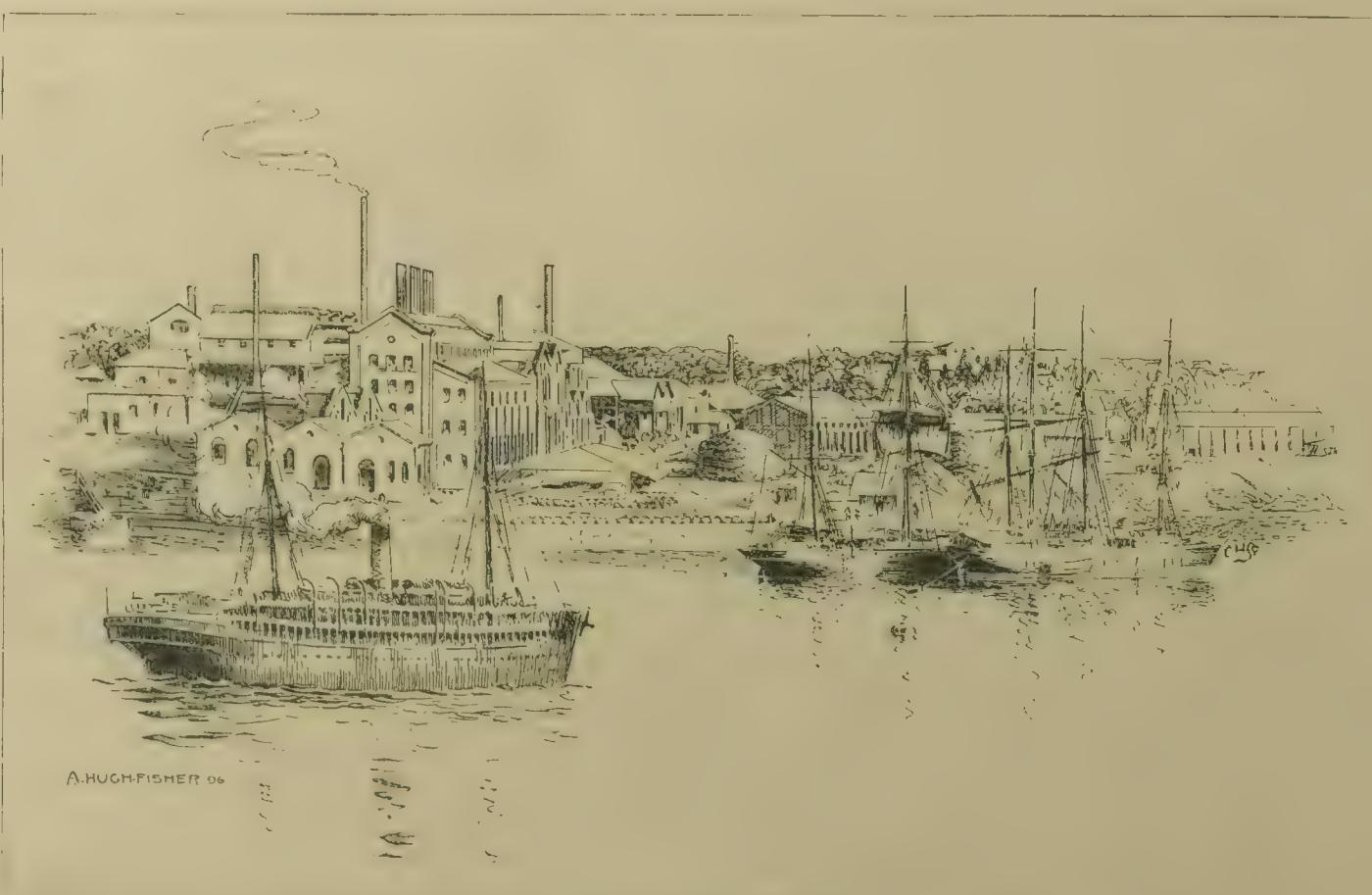
That, in view of these facts, the Liebig Company should have many would-be imitators is not surprising; some of whom are not altogether unwilling to trade on its reputation. It is for this reason that they have adopted the title "Liebig Company's Extract" because the law has allowed that a person may call his article "Liebig's Extract," although the only

Extract with which Baron Liebig was ever connected is that of "The Liebig Company." This is a point which should be well noted by the public, who may be led by the use of the name "Liebig" to imagine they are purchasing the material of the Liebig Company, when they are really buying an imitation of that article. The signature, "J. v. Liebig," in blue on the label, is the guarantee the public should go by.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS.

The above is but a bird's-eye view of this Company's

gigantic industry. They are universal providers, innumerable Whiteleys rolled into one. One is bewildered in thinking of the magnitude of a business which caters for every country in the world, and, as a sort of off-shoot, provides leather for our bags and boots, tallow for soap and candles, horns for cutlery, tongues for our tables, special food for our invalids, and patent fertilisers to make our corn grow. One is tempted to think that, if any one firm has a hold on the universe, that firm is the Liebig Company.



A PASSING VIEW OF FRAY BENTOS.



SPORTING SUBJECTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN; No. VII.—WILDFOWL ON THE MUD FLATS.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The evening frock, which under its most fashionable aspect glitters with a hundred gewgaws—the iridescent bead, the twinkling sequin, the gold thread—these all disport themselves upon net or silk foundations to make an up-to-date ball gown. It is quite usual now to embroider silk or satin or watered foundations as well as placing the embroideries upon light flimsy fabrics, such as net and chiffon, and herein can be found a new industry, or at least a revived one, which should bring grist to the mill of many a poor embroidress. As a rule, the silken skirt will be found traced with conventional designs, such as stars, waved lines, or crescents in sequins of black, steel, or gold, or in diamond clous. The most elaborate patterns are worked in diamonds upon black poulte-de-soie, and, to complete the skirt which shows such decoration, is designed a bodice with the same pattern in diamonds worked upon black net. On the whole, net is trying very hard to oust chiffon from our favour, but yet finds its best complexion over the influence of chiffon. If you mount a net with this soft lining it will have a much better effect than if you mount it plainly over silk or satin.

I find myself a true prophet, and that velvet is wonderfully in vogue. The most attractive of the winter costumes are all made of velvet: dark green, I think, is the most popular, a serious rival to it being chestnut brown. Both of these colours look well embroidered in jet with a border of chinchilla. There are some lovely velvet pelisses to be met walking about London just now. Those fitting tightly to the figure with a belt round the waist of satin fastened with a diamond hook-and-eye are pre-eminently becoming to the tall slim woman. A new idea which has charms is a leather coat of rough surface with a watered design on it in the brightest shade of tan. This is completed with a chinchilla boa, and has had the privilege during the week of having its charms exploited by a Duchess of historic beauty.

Velvet has the prerogative of making that coat sketched, while the short over-jacket gathered into quaint pleats, and fastened with steel buttons round the armhole, is of poplin traced with silken cord. The fronts of the coat and the sleeves are bordered with sable, and the back hangs in Watteau fashion.

I find we are slowly recognising the charms of the sac-jacket in London, but yet we persist in wearing this too long. It is only becoming when it reaches three inches below the waist; directly its loose outline is permitted to extend to the hips, the curve of the figure makes it set ill, and it loses its least suggestion of grace. In a thick drab cloth, lined with caracole, have I met a most excellent specimen of this sac-coat. Slit up at either side of the



A VELVET COAT.

back, it sets admirably, and is decorated with an elaborate design of drab-braid. It is finished at the neck with a Medici collar, lined with the caracole, and fastens over at one side of the front with braided ornaments. Another specimen of the same class of coat have I encountered in sable, when, strange to say, it was not entirely successful. Somehow, the fur did not suit the shape; and for once in my lifetime, in my eyes sable was not an ideal possession. Far more effective is a sac-coat made in sealskin, with blouse, sleeves, collar, and cuffs of

chinchilla. In spite of the fact that chinchilla only lasts for one season, the woman of fashion is adopting it with much enthusiasm. It is a great pity that some ingenious person cannot discover how to induce chinchilla to retain its grey tone; the yellow tinge which age imparts to it is fatal to its beauty.

On all sorts and conditions of costumes may the bolero be met this year, and it is easy to purchase at West End establishments these little jackets embroidered and beaded and traced with coloured silks with net foundations, which offer themselves persuasively to the home dressmaker, so easy to adjust are they over loose bodices of chiffon, when they will make for elegance. Last year's black chiffon bodice may, by the aid of a bolero of jet and steel, at once assume an up-to-date air, and be worthy of taking its place at the dinner-table. It will be found much improved by a belt of black and white striped ribbon, which should be drawn through a wide steel buckle in the front. It is difficult to know how to finish these boleros at the neck to make them becoming. Perhaps the prettiest fashion is the ruching of black or white lace round the back, leaving the front undecorated to show the throat, which of course should, according to the latest edict of fashion, be the resting-place for chains of pearls and jewels. An attractive bolero for an ordinary walking dress is that one illustrated here cut into Vandykes, which shows an under-bodice of velvet in a style becoming to the waist, and completes a perfectly plain skirt machine-stitched.

The jewellers ought to make a fortune this year: we never in England wore so many jewels as we do now. Three or four bangles on either arm, showing precious stones of exceeding value, are we delighted to honour. We encircle our necks with chains of pearls and enamel, of turquoise or of ruby, and we let our fancy run riot in diamond brooches, while for evening dress no woman is considered complete without an aigrette of diamonds in her hair, and with the latest style of fastening the coiffure well on the top of the head the high diamond comb is beneficial in its effect at the back. Then we still continue to patronise the jewelled watch and chatelaine; and among the most ordinary extravagances of prodigal woman is a large purse made entirely of gold links, which sits pendant from a gold chain at the waist and boasts clasps formed of the sapphire or ruby or both. Then it is quite an ordinary event to meet an umbrella-handle of gold studded with diamonds or other precious stones; and, altogether, while we are continually hearing everybody is hard up, we are even more continually meeting evidences to prove that most people are much too rich.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

I observe with pleasure that my suggestion that the party character of the Primrose League ought to bar the extension of the Queen's Jubilee Nursing Fund by its means alone has been promptly responded to: a strong committee has been immediately formed to make the furtherance of the Queen's Nursing Institute the means by which the *general public* will be invited to celebrate the completion of her Majesty's sixty years of rule, when that is happily accomplished. The Dukes of Westminster and Fife are at the head of the committee, and it is probable that the response will be sufficient to make a "Queen's Jubilee Nurse" a familiar figure in every town of considerable size, for a permanence.

It is, however, unfortunately the fact that any special appeal, such as that which has been and is being liberally responded to for the Armenians, means a decrease in the amount available for home purposes. There seems to be a pretty general and constant average amount given away; and when money is drawn forth by a special appeal to sympathy in one direction it is not to be had elsewhere. The Duke of Westminster's fund for the Armenians amounts now to £148,000, besides which other smaller efforts have raised, probably, £20,000. I believe that the Women's Armenian Fund, though engineered by women previously quite unknown to fame, has reached some £12,000; and Lady Henry Somerset has also received a considerable sum for her Marseilles refuge and other relief work. It is therefore not surprising that home appeals to generosity are suffering.

Lady Frederick Cavendish, Miss Elizabeth Fenwick, and Miss Eddison, as President and Honorary Secretaries of the Yorkshire Women's Education Council, write, from 90, Albion Street, Leeds (an address which I give in order that ladies interested may apply to them and not to me), to say that so far as Yorkshire is concerned, there is a dearth of teachers in the so-called "domestic arts." "The demand upon us," they say, "is greater than we can supply. It comes from high schools, technical schools, and institutions, and from County Council classes. We have not quite so much difficulty in supplying good teachers of cookery as in finding enough teachers of dressmaking, needlework, and millinery. Indeed, any educated woman who will take our training and pass the necessary examination would be certain of remunerative work. This work is not entirely manual, but is pleasantly diversified with real brain exercise."

Chess, like mathematics, was at one time supposed to be a purely masculine possibility. I do not know that women have yet equalled men as nearly in the pastime as they have in the serious study, but there is one lady at least, Mrs. Baird, whose problems are famed; and now lady chess-players are at any rate numerous enough to have founded a club in London, and to issue the preliminary prospectus of an "International Tournament" for ladies, to take place next season. Lady Newnes is president of the club, and offers a first prize of sixty

pounds, and five other prizes, the lowest fifteen pounds, are already forthcoming.

How many "mute inglorious" orators of our sex must have perished in former days "with all their music in them" we may judge by the large number of successful women speakers at present. The latest of these is the Duchess of Somerset, who addressed the Bristol meeting of the Society for the Protection of Children in the most charming, unaffected, and yet impressive manner. The Society, which spends a great deal of money, has, her Grace observed, had to take £9000 from its reserve fund



AN ATTRACTIVE WALKING-DRESS.

this year, and she urged business men who could not give personal service to any charitable work to help with their easily-written cheques.

A recent prosecution by this Society, by the way, has revealed a small heroine of sisterly love. A draper, of the name of Hanham, whose wife had left him, he keeping her children with him, was fined £20 for ill-using his son of eleven. The little sister gave evidence that her father beat the boy on one occasion for stealing sixpence from the servant, and he beat her too "because I told him that I had taken it." The custody of the boy was given to the mother. The little heroine who offered herself a sacrifice for her brother apparently is still left to the tender mercies of the father's care.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill which passed the House of Lords last session was not carried into law owing to the failure of the Commons to find time to consider it. The fact that the Lords passed it, however, has caused some consternation in the minds of those opposed to it, and a committee of peeresses and daughters of peers has been formed to canvass the Lords against it. Meantime, the royal assent has been given to the Act legalising such unions in Jersey, and the first marriage of the kind has actually taken place in that island.

F. F. M.

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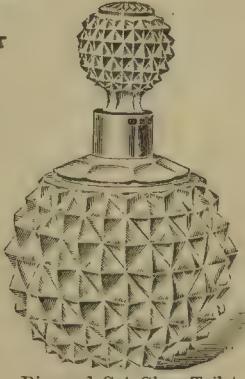
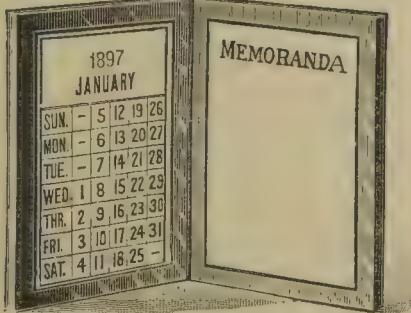
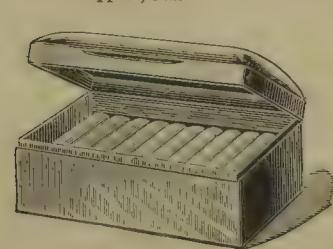
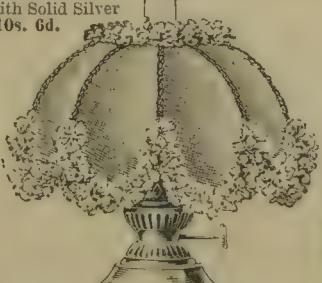
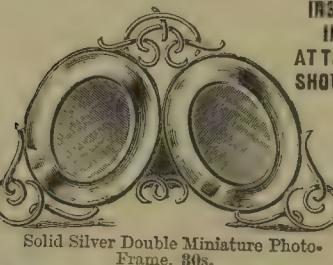
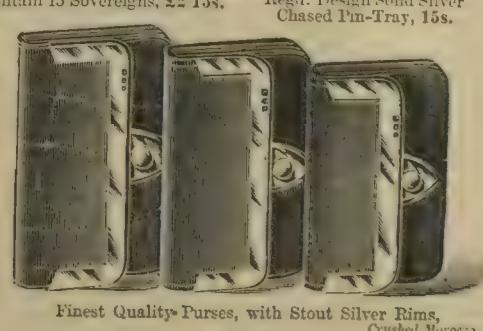


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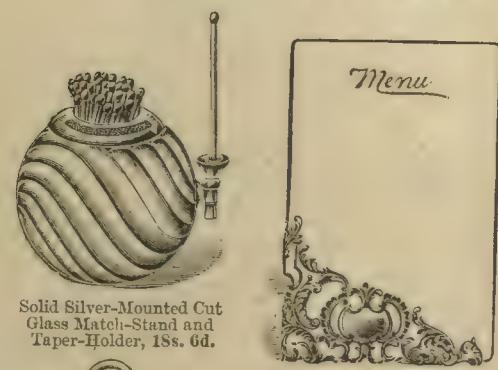
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ARCHBISHOP WHATELY. Archbishop Whately would serve to point a "Sandford and Merton" moral of encouragement to struggle against natural disadvantages. He suffered such insupportable agonies from shyness in his childhood, boyhood, and youth that he said afterwards, apropos of those miseries, "If you had no belief in another world, then the greatest kindness you could do a shy child is to shoot it through the head." By sheer force of will, however, he conquered, not this disadvantage only, but also his morbid horror of censure. "I set myself," he says, "resolutely to act as if I cared nothing for either the sweet or the bitter, and in time I got hardened." Yet who would ever have suspected the brusque and dogmatic Archbishop of Dublin, who simply lived — like a goldfish — in continual hot water, of either shyness or moral cowardice? But in other respects of more importance Whately was, and is to this day, misunderstood. He was supposed, for instance, to sit lightly and loosely to his official creed — to be a Socinian or even what is now called an Agnostic. Yet, as his private life, his letters, and, above all, his deathbed showed, he was a Christian of the most orthodox, devout, and devoted type. At the same time it must be admitted that Whately himself — chiefly through his horror of cant — laid himself open to this misconception.

Again, Whately's advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, of Disestablishment, and of a liberal system of education was in itself enough, in those narrow days, to brand him as a Freethinker. "All that impugn a received superstition," says Bacon, "are by the adverse part branded with the name of Atheists." But, indeed, no man who took Whately's Socratic pleasure in cutting away cant to the quick could escape the hardest words even in a theological dictionary. "Why," asked Whately of Pusey, "do you mix water with Communion wine?" And Pusey's characteristically shifty answer, "Because pure



ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S TOMB IN DUBLIN CATHEDRAL.

wine made early Communicants tipsy," was enough to make a saint swear. It was by tearing to shreds such insincerities that Whately got to be considered as "little better than one of the profane." Taking the lay test of a man's faith — its fruits — you will find few divines who stand it better than Whately. He was a devoted son, father, brother, husband, and friend; while his charities were princely and private. He never let his left hand know what his right hand did. "Many instances," says an intimate friend, "have come to my knowledge in which large sums, from £100 to £1000, were given by him quite privately"; while his agent says that such entries occur in his books over and over again as: "To a clergyman,

hearing it many times over." Yet more surprising, perhaps, is the limitation of Whately's reading. His working library consisted almost exclusively of Aristotle, Thucydides, Bacon, Bishop Butler, Warburton, and Adam Smith. If, however, Whately was neither widely read nor profoundly philosophic, he possessed to perfection the rare faculty of expressing and illustrating his thoughts with stereoscopic distinctness. He makes everything so plain that it seems simple, and you are in danger of taking his truths for truisms through the clearness of their presentation. We have said nothing of his *bons mots*, because, with the exception of puns, most of those attributed to him were weak inventions of the enemy, or the property of former wits.

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II E KIDSON (Liverpool).—You must certainly let us celebrate your jubilee when it comes; keep a good problem for that day. New problem to hand.

II JACKSON (Telau, Fiji).—In No. 1, after Black's first move, White can continue B to B 7th (ch); 3. Q takes P, mate. In No. 2, Q to B 7th, followed by Q to Kt 3rd, yields a second solution.

G B SPENCER (Minneapolis, U.S.A.)—Problem is marked for publication.

J II CARROLL (Southampton).—We find both your problems correct, but rather too easy for our use.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2738 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2739 from Nihilmuth Maitra (Madhupore); of Nos. 2740 and 2741 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2742 from Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2743 from T Chown, C W Smith (Stroud), Professor Charles Wagner, and C E H (Clifton); of No. 2744 from F S Taylor, Professor Charles Wagner, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C M A B, J Bailey (Newark), T G (Ware), Miss D Gregson, C W Smith (Stroud), James Howard Higgs, J D Tucker (Leeds), Ada Berry, H S Brandreth, F J Candy (Croydon), C E H (Clifton), and John Meltober (Crossgar, Co. Down).

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2744.—By W. A. CLARK.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 7th

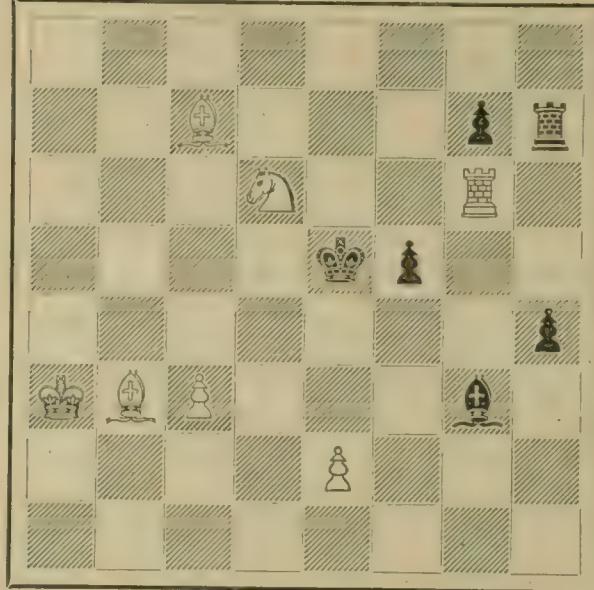
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

Any move.

PROBLEM NO. 2747.—By W. FINLATSON.

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the Karo Café in the match between Messrs. F. J. LEE and R. F. FENTON.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to Q 4th P to K B 4th
2. P to Kt 3rd
Mr. Lester usually adopts this move against the P to K B 4th defence. The object is the advance of P to K 4th at an early stage.

2. P to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 2nd Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to Q B 4th B to K 2nd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd P to B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd Kt to R 3rd
7. Castles Kt to B 2nd
8. Kt to K 5th Castles
Here P to Q 4th is stronger for Black, as will be seen soon.

9. P to K 4th P takes P
10. Kt takes K P P to Q 3rd
11. Kt takes Kt (ch) B takes Kt
12. Kt to K 4th Q to K 2nd

This launches Black into difficulties. B to Q 2nd followed by B to K 3rd, ultimately bringing the Bishop into play on the King's side, would have given Black a more satisfactory game.

13. B to K 3rd B to Q 2nd
14. Q to Q 2nd P to Q Kt 3rd
White threatened Kt takes B (ch). Q takes Kt, 16. Q to Kt 4th, winning a Pawn. P to Q 4th was, however, somewhat better than the text.

15. K R to K sq Q R to Q sq
16. Kt takes B (ch) Q takes Kt
Black elects to give up the exchange, as the alternative of P takes Kt would have given him a bad game—e.g., P takes Kt; 32. R to K 8th

If R (from K sq) to K 5th, Black would sacrifice his Queen for two Rooks, after which White would have great difficulty in winning the game.

32. R to Kt 5th B to 4th
33. R takes R (ch) Kt takes R
34. Q to B sq Q to B 3rd
35. R to K 3rd P to Q 5th

This loses a Pawn, but Black's game is over.

36. R to R 3rd P to B 4th
37. R takes P Q to Q 3rd
38. Q to Kt 5th Kt to Kt 3rd
39. R to R 8th (ch) Kt to B sq
40. Q to Q 5th (ch) Q to K 3. d
41. R to K 8th Resigns

Established]

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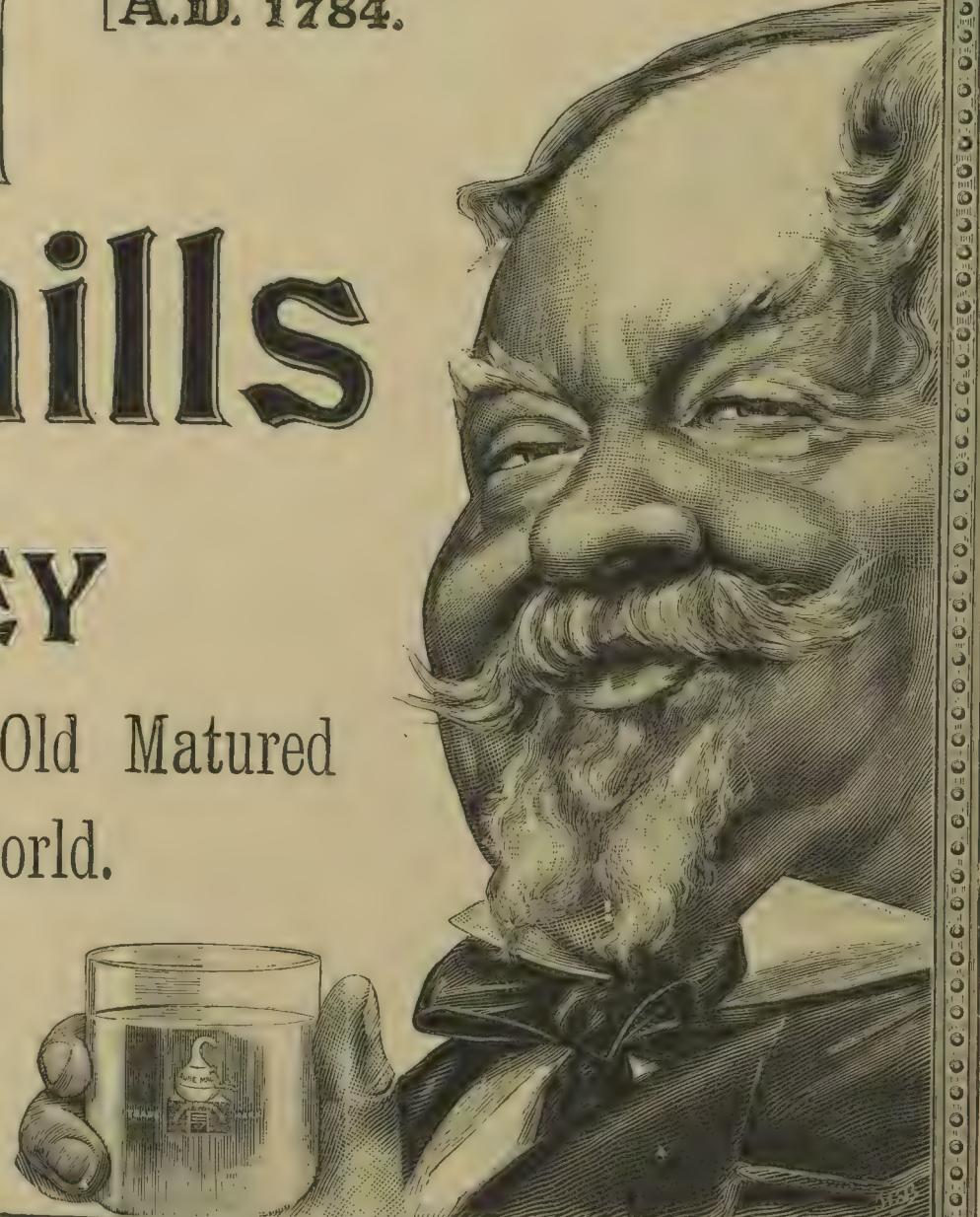
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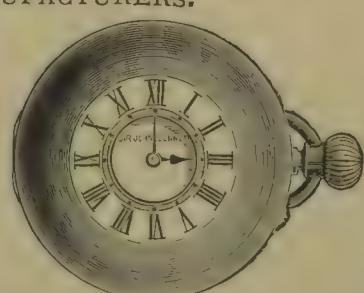
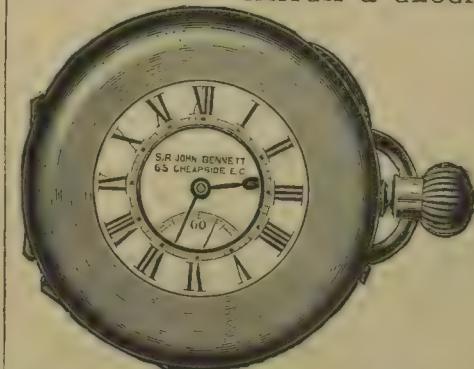
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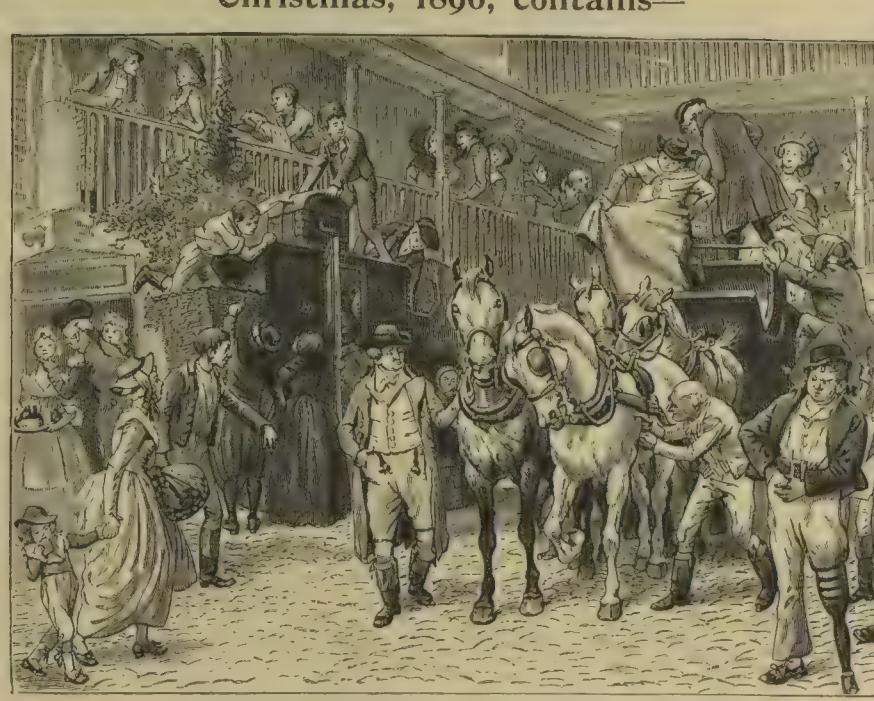
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AN APOLOGY.

We recently published extracts from a letter we received from Lieut. B. Short, A.M. Staff, Upper Egypt, in which he refers to "Hall's Coca Wine." We have since learnt that this was not intended for publication (the rules of the service prohibiting officers giving testimonials), and as we understand that our action has caused Lieut. Short and the officers mentioned considerable inconvenience, we express our sincere regret.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1878), with four codicils (dated April 1, 1892, Dec. 11, 1893, Oct. 5, 1895, and Feb. 26, 1896), of Mr. Edmund Howard Sykes, J.P., of Brookfield, Cheddle, Cheshire, a director of the London and North-Western Railway, who died on June 5, has been proved by Mrs. Frances Anne Sykes, the widow, Frank Sykes, the son, Edward Walter Joynson, and John Norman Hardcastle, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £190,412. The testator gives his furniture and effects and £65,000, upon trust, for his wife for life, and she is also to have the use of Brookfield, should his son not desire to live there; and his gold watch, mourning ring, and silver cup to his son Frank. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1895) of Mrs. Rachel Thomas, of 28, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and Blunsdon Abbey, Wilts, widow, who died on March 21, was proved on Nov. 5 by John Howard Thomas and Samuel Moreton Thomas, the sons; two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £163,425. The testatrix gives the advowson of the living of Blunsdon St. Andrew

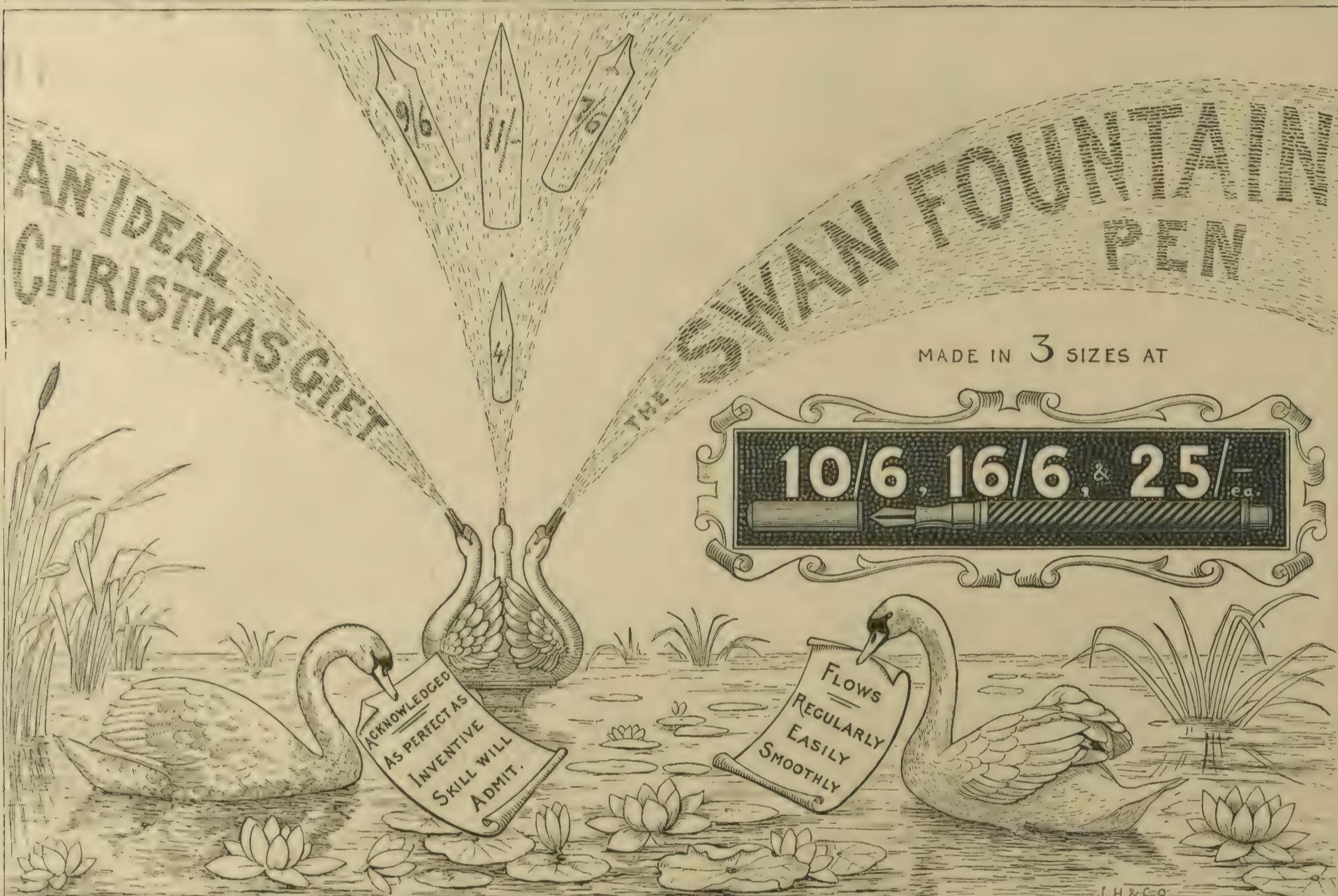
and all her household furniture and effects to her daughter Louisa Mary Thomas; £1000 to her daughter Mima Williams Howell; £4000 to her son David Alfred Thomas; £1000 each to Rachel Mary Howell and Lillie Maud Howell, on their attaining twenty-one years of age; £400 each to Emma Jones and Mary Anne Jones, and legacies to friends and servants. She directs her executors to pay off the mortgage money (if any) on the Blunsdon Abbey Estate, which by a deed poll has been given to her daughter Louisa Mary Thomas. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her five children, John Howard Thomas, Samuel Moreton Thomas, David Alfred Thomas, Mima Williams Howell, and Louisa Thomas, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1894) of Mr. Henry Wilson, of Cottingham House, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Oct. 10 at the York District Registry by George Thorp Wilson, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £53,662. The testator bequeaths £250 to Mary Anne Green; £50 and £100 annuity to his housekeeper, Elizabeth Hansley, if she is in his service at the time of his death; and 100 guineas to

the Hull General Infirmary. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, George Thorp Wilson, absolutely.

The will (dated July 7, 1895) of Colonel Alfred Capel-Cure, late of the Grenadier Guards, and of Badger Hall, Shifnal, Salop, who died on July 29, has been proved by Francis Capel-Cure, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £51,435. The testator bequeaths all his property, both real and personal, to his said nephew.

The will (dated April 27, 1892), with two codicils (dated Sept. 5, 1893, and April 29, 1896), of the Right Hon. Thomas Littleton, Baron Lilford, of Lilford Hall, Oundle, Northampton, and Bank Hall, Preston, who died on June 17, was proved on Nov. 7 by Thomas Henry Burroughes and Godfrey John Webb, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £53,278. The testator bequeaths £2000 and certain furniture to his wife, Clementina Georgiana, Lady Lilford; his natural history collection at Lilford Hall and the furniture, etc., there to his eldest son; £1000 each to his executors, and legacies to his servants. The stuffed specimen of the Great Auk



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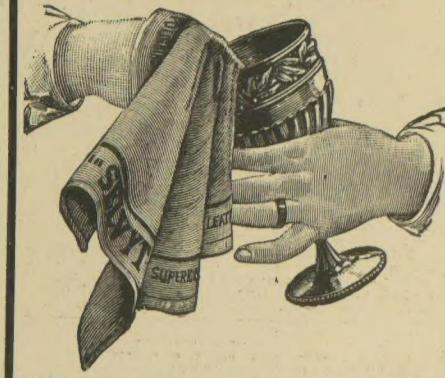
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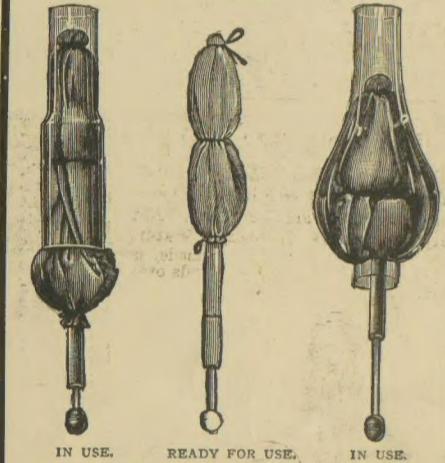
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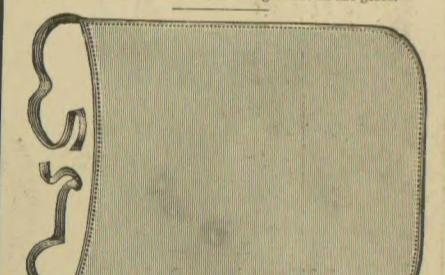


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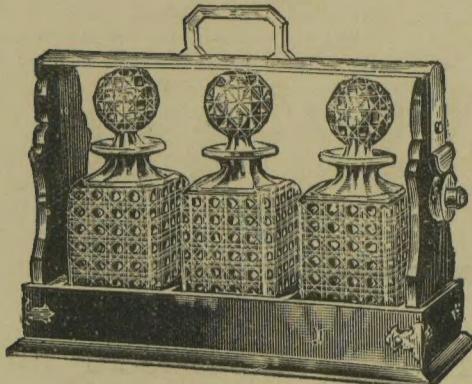
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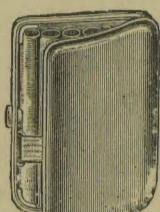
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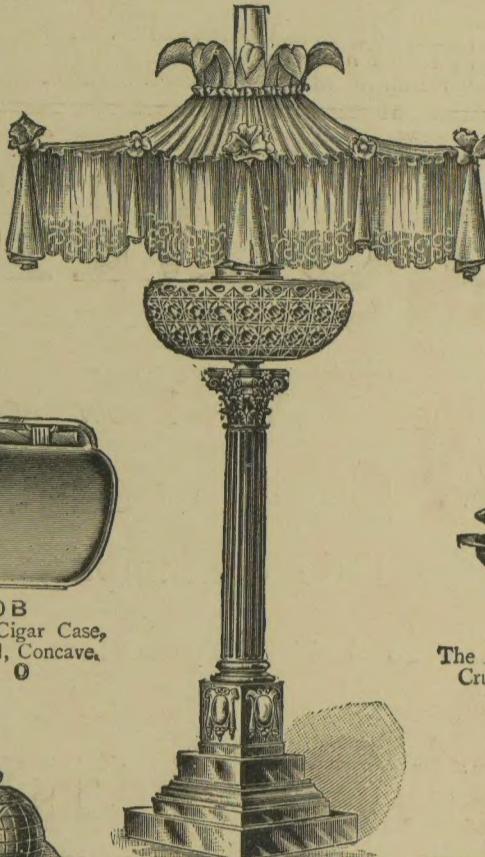
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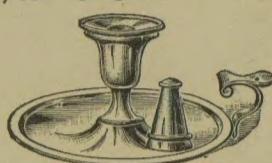
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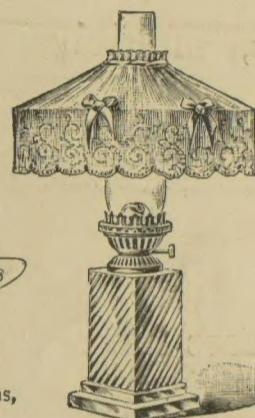
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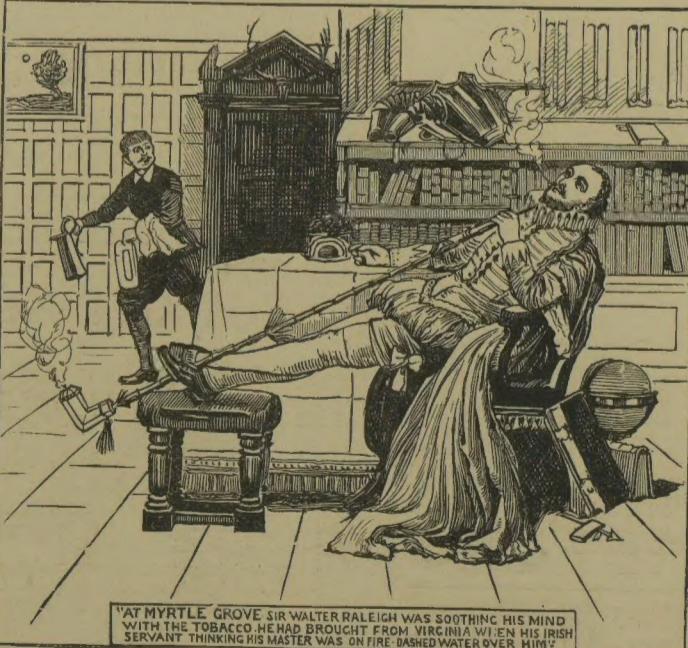
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Two songs from the gifted pen of Charles Salaman first command attention among the pieces sent from Novello, Ewer, and Co. They are entitled "The Resigned Lover" and "Concealed Love," the first having charming words by Malcolm Salaman, the second being a setting of words by John Dryden. It is a pleasure to come across such compositions after wading through the numbers of commonplace ballads that reach us for review. Charles Salaman's songs are always far above the ordinary run, and his latest efforts are not lacking in the earnestness and originality which invariably mark his work. It is needless to speak separately of the "Resigned Lover" and "Concealed Love"; both are beautiful and highly artistic

songs, and cannot be too highly recommended. We have also received from Novello "The Light of Life," a short oratorio for soli, chorus, and orchestra, by Edward Elgar, words by the Rev. E. Capel-Cure, M.A., a work which was heard at the recent Worcester Festival; "Three pieces" for piano by G. Frescobaldi, J. J. Froberger, and J. C. Kerl, especially suitable as studies for the youthful amateur; a pretty "Melody in A" for violin (or flute) and piano, by Frank Moir; and a useful book of "Scales and Arpeggios" for piano, by Franklin Taylor.

Flute-players will welcome the following new pieces published by Rudall, Carte, and Co. A "Romance in G," by Hamilton Clarke, has a tender and pretty melody. A "Valse Brillante," by W. Busé, is full of life and spirit;

and an "Allegro Scherzando," by William Booth, though a little difficult, is worth studying. These three have pianoforte accompaniments. A "Lullaby" for voice, flute, and piano by Georgina M. Rockstro, A.R.C.M., is well written and tuneful. From the same firm we have also an "Idylle" for oboe and piano by H. Wild, which is graceful and pretty.

From Boosey and Co. we have an Irish ballad for chorus and orchestra by Charles Villiers Stanford, entitled "Phaudrig Crohoore," words by J. Sheridan Le Fanu (a clever and striking work which achieved success at the recent Norwich Festival), and also a well-written "Hymn before Sunrise" for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, by P. Napier Miles.

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D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See "The Times," July 13, 1864.

D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne. —See "The Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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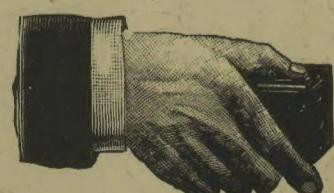
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